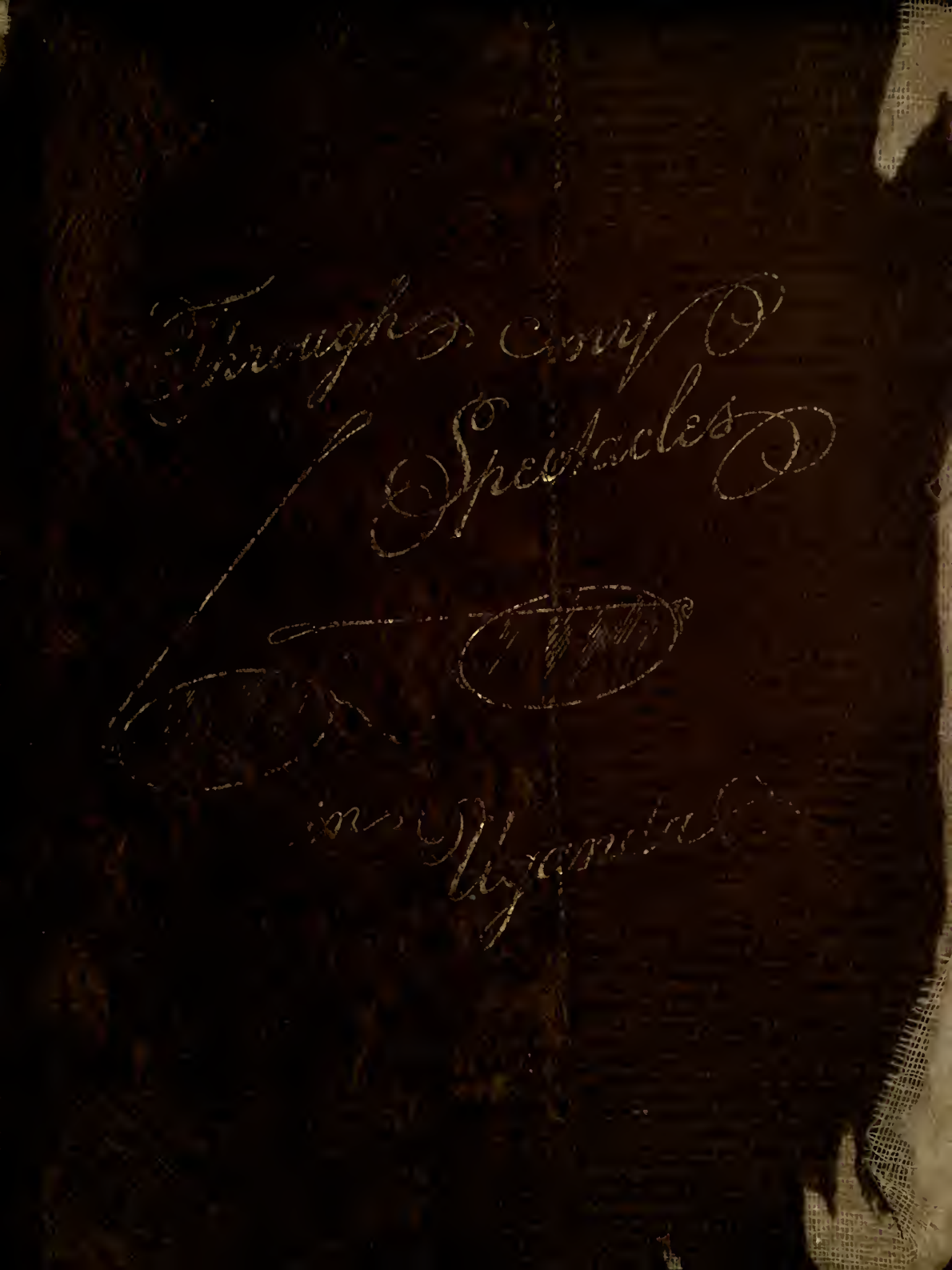

Through my
Spectacles

in Uganda

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For Owen.
From his father.
22. Aug. 1931.

THE KING'S LAKE, WITH HILLS OF MENGO AND RUBAGA.

THROUGH MY SPECTACLES IN UGANDA;

Or, The Story of a Fruitful Field.

BY THE REV. MARTIN J. HALL, B.A.,

C.M.S. Missionary in Uganda.

London:

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

1898.

TO

MY MOTHER,

MY FIRST AND BEST EARTHLY TEACHER,

I AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBE THIS

MY FIRST BOOK.

M. H.

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PREFACE.

THIS little book, written at the request of the Staff of the Editorial Department of the Church Missionary Society, is the fruit of the observations of less than two years spent in Buganda, with a necessarily elementary acquaintance with the language and customs of the people. It has been written in the spare and odd moments of a busy life, and for these reasons is sure to be incomplete. Nevertheless, through the kind corrections and revision of Mr. G. L. Pilkington, for which I am most grateful, this work may be regarded as being *accurate* so far as it goes, for no European is more thoroughly acquainted than Mr. Pilkington with the language, history, and customs of the Baganda.

As this book is likely to be read aloud at children's working parties, &c., I add a few remarks on the names and their pronunciation. *Muganda* (pronounced "moo") is a single inhabitant of *Bu-ganda*, which is the correct name of the country. *Ba-ganda* are a number of inhabitants of Buganda—as we describe a number of inhabitants of England as "Englishmen." "Uganda" is a term unrecognized in the country, and does not therefore occur in this book. *Luganda* is the language spoken in Buganda. All vowels are sounded in Luganda words occurring in this book. Thanks are due to Mr. Leakey, of the C.M.S. Buganda Mission, for the use of many of his photographs, and to Mr. E. Clegg for his reproductions of the Author's rough sketches.

Finally, as this little book has been written with a definite purpose and in a spirit of prayer, it is earnestly hoped that it may be read in the same spirit, and may thus create a spiritual interest in the work of God in Buganda which shall bear fruit in fervent prayer, frequent gifts, and faithful service in God's "Holy War" against the powers of darkness.

MARTIN J. HALL.

Easter Eve, April 17th, 1897.
ISLAND OF BUKASA, VICTORIA NYANZA, B. E. AFRICA.

*** I shall always be glad to have a letter from any borrower of *My Spectacles*, whether an old friend or a new one, and will do my best to answer them punctually and fully. M. J. H.

"THE MAN WITH THE SPECTACLES."

CHAPTER I.

THE last rope—Down Channel—A long voyage—History lessons—A necessary holiday—A quarrel to be settled—"A stranger in a strange land"—A lonely grave—Claiming the land—Krapf and Rebmann—Beginnings at Rabai—Explorations—Snow mountains in Africa—The great Lake—A memorable map—Burton and Speke—Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza discovered—The cradle of the Nile—Buganda discovered—Stanley's visit to Buganda—A letter with a history—"An unprofitable servant"—The Nyanza Mission begun—The first party of messengers—A lonely beacon in a dark sea—A weary way—The Lake at last!—A lonely resting-place—Mackay's road—Letters from King Mtesa—The *Daisy*—A good passage—Rubaga reached—"He that *heareth* the Word . . . yet hath not root"—Wilson alone—Lieut. Smith and O'Neill on Ukerewe—Songoro—Only one out of eight!—A royal interpreter—Wilson goes to Unyanyembe—A vain quest—Twelve lonely months—A storm brewing!

Through my Spectacles.

SOME VERY MODERN HISTORY.—A CHAT ON DECK.

"LET go!" shouts a powerful voice from the bridge of the great ocean steamer lying in Southampton Docks, and the last rope is slipped that binds us to the shores of Old England. Soon we are steaming past the familiar shores of the Isle of Wight, and the evening finds us well on our way "down Channel."

We are going to Zanzibar, on the East Coast of Africa, round by the Cape of Good Hope, which means about eight weeks at sea. "Ugh," says somebody, "shan't we get tired of it by that time!" "What *shall* we do with ourselves all day?" asks another.

"I propose history lessons every day," says the man with the spectacles. "What! lessons on board ship! Not for me, thank you," says one of the boys. "What kind of history is it to be?" asks a wise little girl. "Modern

history, *very* modern," replies the man with the spectacles. "We will begin to-morrow morning, after breakfast, if you like," he adds.

* * * * * *

"Had a good night, I hope." "I do wish this horrid ship would stop rocking," says a very pale little girl, piteously. A boy, fast turning green, declines to answer any questions as to his state of health, and soon disappears for the rest of the day. "I see," says the man with the spectacles, who is a hardened sailor himself, "that we had better put off those history lessons for a few days, until you have all settled your quarrel with the Bay of Biscay."

* * * * * *

Off the Canary Islands. All feeling like old sailors now, and laughing at our former miseries (until next time!). "Well, now," says the spectacled one, "we will begin our lessons on the history of Buganda, please."

Years and years ago (1859) "a stranger in a strange land," his figure bent with illness, his face wet with tears, his heart aching in its desolation, might have been seen following a coffin borne up the sandy beach opposite the Island of Mombasa, on the East Coast of Africa. The stranger is Krapf, the first of the band of men and women who have since given their lives to God for Africa. The coffin is that of his wife, soon to be followed by her motherless baby to the same grave. "Tell our friends that there is a

LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON HARBOUR.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY GRAVE IN EAST AFRICA.

lonely grave of a member of the Mission cause," wrote the lonely widower. . . . "This is a sign that you have commenced the struggle with this part of the world," he adds; "the hour is at hand when you are summoned to the conversion of Africa from its eastern shore." And so the grave of Rosina Krapf became a pledge that the land was to be captured for Christ. In like manner the lonely graves of Henry Martyn at Tokat, in Asia Minor, of Ion Keith-Falconer in Arabia, of Graham Wilmot-Brooke at Lokoja, on the Niger, pledge the Church of Christ to "go in and possess" those lands for her returning Lord. Krapf was soon joined by Rebmann, another missionary of the C.M.S., also a German, for to Germany in early days the C.M.S. owed some of its best missionaries. Around that first lonely grave has now arisen all the holy toil of the Frere Town Mission, begun amongst the freed slaves who were settled there in 1875.

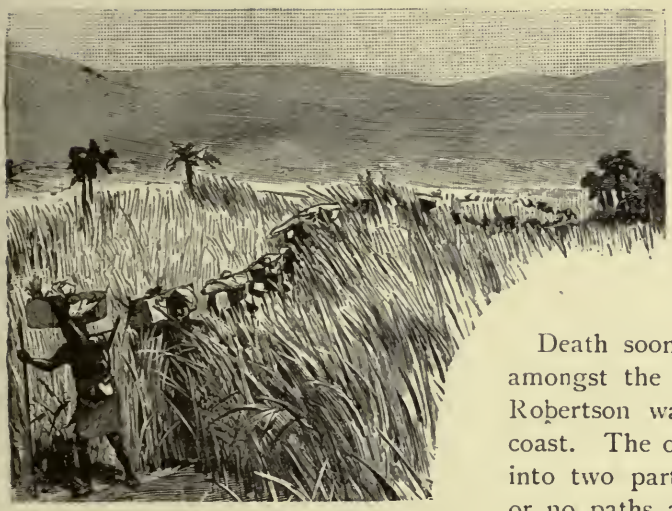
Rebmann began a work at Rabai (or Kisulutini, as it was then called)

amongst the wild Wanyika tribe, a work which has since been largely blessed. Krapf and Rebmann made journeys inland, and discovered the great snow-covered mountain range of Kilima Njaro. Long before this, when Dr. Krapf had to leave his Mission work in Abyssinia in 1843, he had heard some Natives at the port of Takaungu speak of a country far inland called Unyamwezi, where there was "a great lake." Eight years rolled by, and Krapf met a merchant—an Arab—in the Ukamba Country, who spoke to him also of the "great lake," joined, as he said, by a river with another and still greater lake which had "no end, although one should travel for a hundred days to see the end."

Erhardt, one of Krapf's fellow-missionaries, and who is still living, made a map from what they had heard from traders, and sent it to Europe. It caused much excitement amongst the members of the Royal Geographical Society in England in 1856. The two travellers Burton and Speke set out to find the great lake, and discovered *two* huge lakes, Tanganyika, and a larger one which Speke named the Victoria Nyanza; Nyanza or Nyanja meaning "sea" or any large piece of deep water.

In 1861 Speke and Grant explored this great Lake, discovered that it was the long-sought cradle of the River Nile, and found out the country of Buganda, whose people were far away more civilized than any of the neighbouring peoples. Here Speke stayed as King Mtesa's guest for several months at his capital (which was then on Banda Hill, in Kyagwe).

In April, 1875 (are you good at remembering dates?), Stanley in his march across Africa came upon this wonderful country of Buganda, and told King Mtesa something of Christian truth. The king asked for teachers, and Stanley wrote a letter to England, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, inviting English Christians to occupy Buganda for Christ. This memorable letter appeared on November 15th, 1875. Three days later a friend signing himself "An unprofitable servant" sent a promise of £5,000 to the C.M.S. if they would begin a Mission in Buganda without delay. In a very short time the £5,000 had swelled to £24,000, and on November 23rd the C.M.S. undertook the Nyanza Mission. In May, 1876, Lieut. Shergold Smith (late R.N.), the leader of the first party, sailed from Teignmouth Harbour, in Devonshire, on board the *Highland Lassie*, an 80-ton ketch-rigged yacht, which reached Zanzibar on June 20th.



THROUGH TALL TIGER GRASS.

The party of eight men met at Zanzibar. Their names deserve remembrance:—Lieut. G. Shergold Smith, Rev. C. T. Wilson, Alexander Mackay, Dr. John Smith, G. J. Clark, T. O'Neill, W. M. Robertson, and J. Robertson.

Death soon began to do his work amongst the little band, and James Robertson was laid to rest on the coast. The others divided themselves into two parties. By winding paths, or no paths at all, through tall tiger grass, swamps or tangled forest, the brave little band with its small army of porters forced its way towards the land of their hopes—Buganda.

After 220 miles they reached Mpwapwa, in the Usagara Country, where they planted the first Mission station on the road to the great Lake, a lonely beacon in the great dark sea of Heathenism. Here Clark, and also the mate of the *Highland Lassie*, who had joined the Mission party, were left in charge. The remaining five marched on, Wilson and O'Neill going on first, while Lieut. Smith, Dr. John Smith, and Mackay followed later. There were many toils by the way—waterless plains to pass, greedy chiefs to appease with *hongo* (toll money), to say nothing of perpetual vexations over the pigheadedness of their wayward porters. It was a weary way. At length, however, they met at Ngaru, in Usukuma, but only four white men were left, Mackay having been sent back to the coast by the doctor's orders. On January 29th, 1877, the first party reached Kagei, on the south shore of the great Lake. After many delays, Lieut. Smith and Dr. Smith joined their two companions there. But again came a solemn subtraction from their number, for Dr. John Smith, weakened by fever and dysentery, died, and was buried on the shores of the Lake at Kagei. Another grave!

AN UNYAMWEZI.

Yes, but another pledge of possession of these lands for Christ.

Meanwhile, Mackay could not be idle, and began to cut a broad road from Saadani, on the coast, to Mpwapwa. It was toilsome work, but was finished in 100 days, and during that time Mackay was also engaged in training bullocks for the waggons on his new road.

But let us get back to the Lake. Two letters from Mtesa, King of Buganda, urging the missionaries to "come quickly," came by special messengers.

Lieut. Smith and Mr. Wilson at once set off across the Lake in the *Daisy*, the Mission boat which they had brought up with them. On Monday, July 2nd, 1877, they were received at Mtesa's court, amid much drum-beating, gun-firing, shouting, &c. The king showed them marked favour at first, and all went well for a time.

Mtesa showed real eagerness to learn to read and to *hear* the truth; but like Herod, "he heard gladly . . . and did many things," but not the one thing—to forsake sin and believe in the sinners' Saviour.

After a stay of a month, Lieut. Smith left Mr. Wilson at Rubaga, and went back to the big island of Ukerewe, at the south end of the Lake. Here he found O'Neill busy finishing the building of a dhow (a vessel of Arab pattern) which they had arranged to buy, when finished, from Songoro—an Arab.

A NATIVE OF UKEREWE.

After exploring Jordan's Nullah, they returned to Ukerewe to find the dhow finished. However, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and Lukonge, the king of the island, refused to let them take away the vessel, saying that it was his property, not theirs. They got the boat at length, and set out for Kagei, where, however, the dhow was wrecked, and many of their goods lost.

They then set out for Buganda in the *Daisy*,

but had to put into Ukerewe for shelter, where they found Lukonge and Songoro still quarrelling about the dhow. Songoro fled to the missionaries for shelter from the wrath of Lukonge, and they refused to give him up. Lukonge's men attacked them, and the two missionaries and almost all their men were killed.

ON THE ISLAND OF UKEREWE.

Wilson was more than ever alone now — the only survivor in Buganda of the eight who had left England not long before. On hearing the crushing tidings of the death of Smith and O'Neill, Wilson went down the Lake and on to Unyanyembe to buy cloth and beads to use as "money" in Buganda, and hoping, too, to meet Mackay. But no; he had to turn sadly back from his vain quest, back to Mtesa's court, for five more months before he saw a white man's face. In all he was for twelve solitary months "alone—yet not alone."

Meanwhile, Mtesa was fairly friendly, and Wilson was able to hold regular Sunday services, when the king hoisted his flag, and was always present. He even urged the people to believe in the Lord Jesus while there was yet opportunity left to come to Him, but *he never came himself.*

Before long the Arabs began to make mischief, for they saw that Christianity would cut at the root of their influence over Mtesa and of their cruel slave-raids. A storm was brewing!

CHAPTER II.

CAPE TOWN—The children's meeting—The Cape's "Own Missionary" in Buganda—History lessons once more—Mackay joins Wilson in Buganda—Dr. Felkin's party—Gordon Pasha—The frontier at last—A royal escort—Wilson goes to meet the new party—Mackay alone—One multiplied by seven—Arrival of Roman Catholic Mission—An embassy to England—Darfur, the great unreached land—A Mission to Uyui—Busy days at Rubaga—A revival of Heathenism—A change of front—Return of the three envoys—The first baptisms, March 18th, 1882—Hannington's party—Beginnings in Usukuma—"The Lord's Supper," October 28th, 1883—The first Christian funeral—Eighty-four baptisms—A new boat—Death of Mtesa, October, 1884—Mwanga succeeds him as king—Hannington made Bishop—The storm breaks—The first martyrs—The tide turns—Bishop Hannington's journey by the north road—Busoga—The Nile in sight—Prisoners—A message from the king—October 29th, 1885, a message from the "King of kings"—Days of peril in Buganda—The Gospel of St. Matthew printed, November, 1885—The fires lit—Sixty martyrs—A new Bishop (Parker)—Mackay leaves Buganda—A holy gathering at Usambiro—Deaths of Blackburn and Bishop Parker—A revolution—Mwanga dethroned—Kiwewa made king—October 12th, Mohammedan revolution—Missionaries expelled the country—Wrecked by a hippo—Stanley and Emin Pasha reach Usambiro—"A modern Livingstone"—October 11th, 1889, return of Mwanga to Buganda—Return of the missionaries—Arrival of Mr. Jackson of the Imperial British East Africa Company—Death of Mackay—Bishop Tucker consecrated—First Confirmation Service—A threatened danger—1892, civil war—Mwanga flees—Return of Mwanga—Namirembe Church opened—December, 1892, Bishop Tucker with reinforcements—The Union Jack—Ordination of six Baganda—May 28th, 1893, Buganda becomes a British Protectorate—October, 1895, Bishop Tucker reached Mengo with a new party—The first lady missionaries—Some figures which speak—Zanzibar Harbour—"God's Acre"—Two quiet graves—Their message.

A WAGANDA BOY.

SOME MORE HISTORY LESSONS.—A CHAT ON DECK.

ENGINES slowing down! Let go! Splash goes the great anchor! followed by fathoms of heavy chain cable rattling noisily through the hawse-hole. Here we are in Table Bay, the lights of Cape Town like rows of jewels fringing the base of Table Mountain, which looks "tall and grim" (like one "Agrippa"—whom some of us may have read about in our nursery days) in the clear moonlight, as it towers above the quiet city.

Morning dawns and finds us slowly steaming into dock, soon to be boarded by warm-hearted friends of the C.M.S., who hurry us off to lunch and then to meetings. *We*, of course, all want to go to the children's meeting at Wynberg, a suburb of Cape Town. We must go by train, and as we stop at one station and another we pick up eager groups of children, until we have gathered some hundreds when we reach Wynberg.

Cape children *can* sing and listen well, and all seem to have "a missionary heart." Three parishes at the Cape join in supporting their "Own Missionary" in Buganda—an English clergyman.

Two days' holiday ashore and no history lessons! but five missionary meetings instead! Restful work, however, isn't it?

But big steamers will not wait for small people. So we are under weigh again, and ready for some more "very modern history," I hope.

* * * * * *

In 1878 Wilson's loneliness was relieved by the long-hoped-for arrival of Alexander Mackay.

Meanwhile the news of the death of Lieut. Smith and of O'Neill had reached England, and a new party made a speedy start to fill the gap. The party was made up of Dr. Felkin and three students from the Church Missionary College at Islington, named Litchfield, Pearson, and Hall. They went by way of the Nile, which they struck first at Berber, not far below Khartoum. On reaching Khartoum they were most kindly received by General (then Colonel) Gordon, who was Governor-General of Southern Egypt and the Soudan at that time, where he had extended his dominions almost to the borders of Buganda itself. He used all his great influence to help the little Mission band, and spent large sums of money out of his own pocket to buy them needful things. A long and dangerous journey, now voyaging up the Nile, now marching, at length brought them to the borders of Buganda, at Mruli, on the Victoria Nile. Mr. Wilson went to meet them, and left Mackay at Rubaga. On February 14th, 1879, the new party reached Rubaga, escorted by special messengers who had been sent by Mtesa.

Meanwhile, Mackay was busy teaching, so far as he could manage, the crowds who now, with the king's permission, began to learn to read.

He built two workshops in the Mission grounds at Natete, began to train bullocks for drawing waggons, made a road through his garden, and generally astonished the idle Baganda by his unceasing industry. He sent

ON THE NILE ABOVE KHARTOUM.

some canoes across the Lake to fetch another new party of missionaries coming up by the old road from the East coast.

A GROUP OF ARABS.

The number of missionaries in Buganda had soon grown from the one lonely witness to seven comrades. On February 23rd, 1879, a band of French Jesuit priests arrived from Algiers, bringing such presents as guns, swords, and gunpowder. They at once began to oppose themselves to our Protestant missionaries, and told Mtesa that they were liars, who taught a false religion. The king was much puzzled, and said, "Every white man has a different religion!"

And now storm-clouds were beginning to gather. The Arabs from the coast began to slander the European missionaries to the king, and he even sought their lives. Food grew scarcer and scarcer. Things looked very dark. Mtesa, however, determined to send an embassy to our good Queen, and in May, 1879, Dr. Felkin and Mr. Wilson started homewards with three Baganda envoys. They went by way of the Nile, but made a bend to the west at one point and visited the Soudan state of Darfur.

Two more of the Europeans in Buganda were sent to open work in Uyui, to the south of the Lake; but the tide of opposition had turned, and Litchfield and Mackay were busy from dawn until dark teaching their eager visitors to read. The king ordered all his chiefs to learn to read, and himself even asked for baptism, but as he would not give the needful promises of giving up his evil ways, he was refused.

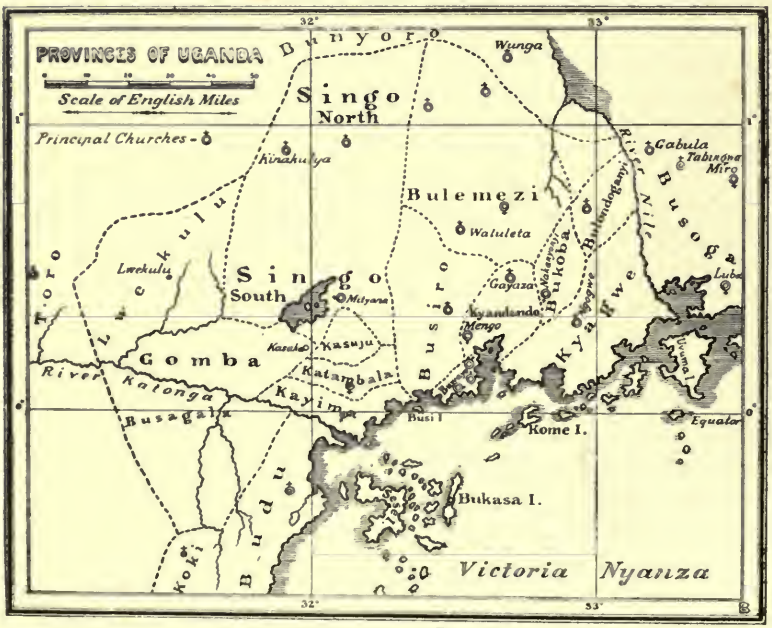
In 1880 arose a new kind of foe to the work, though really a very old one—the old heathen Lubare (spirit) worship. The head of this heathen

system was a kind of witch, who came to Rubaga from her home on the Sese Islands to cure (?) Mtesa of his illness. She insisted on the bringing back of the old heathen worship, and this was done.

Another shadow fell upon the little Mission band. Mr. Litchfield's health began to fail, and he was obliged to leave Buganda, and for a time helped Mr. Copplestone at Uyui. Mackay went with him to the south of the Lake to get fresh stores, but was kept long at Kagei, unable to get canoes to take him back.

Mr. Pearson was alone in Buganda. Mtesa, fickle as a weathercock, now declared himself a Mohammedan, and renounced any shred of Christianity that he may have had. Mr. Pearson was now in great straits for food, but his prayer for "daily bread" never went up without some answer in the shape of food. In March, 1881, the Baganda envoys returned from England with Mr. O'Flaherty, and again Mtesa began to favour the Christian teachers.

On March 18th, 1882, four lads were baptized into Christ's outward Church—a great day in the history of the Mission. Sembera Mackay, a Native of Busoga, Henry Wright Duta, and two others.



MAP OF BUGANDA. (Prepared in 1897.)

On May 17th, 1882, the Revs. James Hannington, R. P. Ashe, and E. Cyril Gordon (now, 1897, the veteran missionary in Buganda), came to the rescue.

Hannington, however, had to go back, stricken with sore illness. Gordon remained at the south of the Lake and began work in Usukuma, while Ashe crossed the Lake and strengthened the hands of the workers in Buganda.

In 1883 more baptisms followed, and on October 28th of that year twenty-one Baganda Christians gathered round the Lord's Table to "show forth His death until He come."

In 1884 came the first Christian burial—that of Firipo (Philip) Mukasa; and by the end of that year there were eighty-four baptisms recorded, the happy fruit of those first seven years of toil and patience. Hannington's party had brought up a new boat with them to replace the worn-out *Daisy*; but it had been so carelessly treated by the Natives in whose charge it had been left, that it needed all Mackay's skill and patience to make it seaworthy. It was named the *Eleanor*, but was also called *Mirembe*, which means "peace."

Mackay sailed for Buganda at the end of 1884 in the *Eleanor*, and arrived just in time to spend Christmas with Ashe and O'Flaherty at Natete.

In October, 1884, King Mtesa died, and was buried with great pomp on the hill of Kasubi, his new capital, not far from Rubaga. In spite of all his knowledge of the truths of the Gospel he died—as he had lived—a Heathen. But Christianity had already made its mark on the people; for, instead of the wholesale murders and thefts which usually took place when the king died, there was noise and fear, but no violence. Mwanga—a lad of eighteen—was made king, although Mtesa's youngest son, for by the laws of Buganda the eldest son can never succeed to the throne.

In this same year Hannington was consecrated first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa (June 24th).

In January, 1885, Mackay asked leave of Mwanga to go across the Lake to take some mails, &c. The new king had been far from friendly to the missionaries, and grew less so on hearing of a white man having reached Busoga, a subject country of his, east of the Nile. The white man was Mr. Joseph Thomson, an explorer, who had made his way through Masai Land, and as far as Kavirondo, but did not actually enter Busoga. There had long been a great fear amongst the Baganda of any one coming into their country through Busoga, on account of an ancient prophecy that

the race that should conquer Buganda (or, as they say, "eat Buganda") would come by that road. Curiously enough it has come true, for it was by this road that the Imperial British East Africa Company, and afterwards the officers of the English Government, entered Buganda. Mackay and Ashe made their way towards Ntebe, the port on the Lake, with Swahili porters to carry their loads, and some of their boy servants with them. Not far from the Lake they were met by a force of armed men, who turned them back and took prisoners some of their boys.

The missionaries were allowed to return unhurt to their house; but three of their boys were led away to death, and a cruel death too. They were taken to the edge of a dismal swamp. A sort of rude scaffold was made with branches and heaped with firewood. Mocking voices cried, "Oh, you know Jesus Christ? You believe you will rise from the dead? Well, we will burn you, and see if it be so." The three boys answered boldly, and are said to have sung the hymn, "Daily, daily, sing His praises." Their arms were hacked off with swords, and their bleeding bodies flung upon the blazing scaffold, where, after a sharp, short agony, they joined "the noble army of martyrs."

This was the beginning of a storm of persecution. Some older chiefs tried to make a rising against the king, but were found out, and turned out of office. Then came a lull, when the people were again allowed to visit the Mission and to learn to read; but with a fickle tyrant like Mwanga at the head of affairs everything seemed uncertain. The missionaries therefore chose a few elder Christians named by the other converts as trusty men, in order that, in case of the Europeans being driven from the country, the Christians might collect round these elders for counsel and teaching. Hymns, texts, and parts of the Prayer Book were printed and given out amongst the Christians. The numbers of the readers grew daily. Meanwhile, Bishop Hannington had reached Africa again. His wish was to reach Buganda by the north-westerly route along which Mr. Thomson had lately travelled as far as Kavirondo. The Bishop and his caravan left the coast, and after a toilsome journey, with hunger, delays, insulting and greedy bands of Masai warriors by the way, at last reached "fair Kavirondo," as Hannington calls it, in October, 1885.

Here he left the main body of the caravan under the Rev. William

Jones, a Native clergyman of Rabai, and himself pushed on with about forty men to Busoga. Mounting a hill near Luba's to catch his first glimpse of the Nile, he found himself suddenly seized by some Natives, thrown to the ground, and dragged off as a prisoner to Luba's enclosure.

For eight weary days—his journal tells us—racked with fever, beset with noise, vermin, and smells, the brave man lay in his cramping prison. Messengers came from Mwanga, and on October 29th he was led forth to die, *i.e.*, to enjoy eternal liberty. He saw with sorrow his porters bound and waiting for the death stroke. The gate of the eternal home was now in sight as Hannington knelt down. A signal gun was fired, and spear blades flashed and hid themselves in as brave a heart as ever beat.

In Buganda days of peril began again, and Mackay and Ashe knew not what might be their fate.

A MASAI WARRIOR.

It was a red-letter day when the Gospel of St. Matthew (350 copies) appeared in November, 1885. O'Flaherty left for England, but died in the Red Sea on the way home. Ashe and Mackay alone remained in Buganda. Things grew darker still. The storm of persecution broke, and did not spend itself until some sixty Christians, Protestant and Roman Catholic, had been martyred with awful cruelty.

In August, 1886, Ashe left for England, and Mackay faced the storm of the king's anger alone, and faced it without a quail. In October of that year a new Bishop was consecrated, the Rev. H. P. Parker, who had for some years been a missionary of the C.M.S. in India.

* * * * * *

But now you must be content with a mere skeleton of our interesting modern history, for we have passed Mozambique and are nearing Zanzibar.

* * * * * *

During the spring of 1887 persecution was raging, and at last Mackay arranged to leave the country, and another missionary was to be sent in his place. In August the Rev. E. C. Gordon, who had been one of Hannington's first party (and whose nephew he was), but had remained at the south end of the Lake until then, sailed for Uganda to take Mackay's place.

No less than seven missionaries gathered about this time at Usambiro, a new station opened by Mackay in the Unyamwezi Country. Bishop Parker had come up with a new party of helpers. But soon Blackburn, one of the new men, sickened and died, and a few days later the saintly Bishop followed him to "the home beyond the tide." Another gap was caused by the Rev. R. H. Walker (now Archdeacon of Buganda) going across the Lake to join Mr. Gordon. These two devoted men are still at work in Buganda, and are living links between those earlier and sad days of trial and the present day of harvest and rejoicing. Mr. Walker was received by the king with much pomp and seeming favour.

"Even a worm will turn at the last," and the patience of the great chiefs of Buganda towards their cruel and violent king had at last come to an end. A revolution (without any bloodshed) took place, and Mwanga was dethroned, and fled to the south end of the Lake, Kiwewa, his brother, becoming king in his place.

On October 12th the Arabs got up another revolution, defeated the

VIEW OF MOZAMBIQUE.

Christians in battle, and the missionaries, English and French, were made prisoners; and on October 19th, after being robbed of almost everything, even to some of the clothes they were wearing, they were put into the Mission boat *Eleanor* and driven from the country. The boat was wrecked by an attack from a hippopotamus, but Mr. Walker cleverly patched it up, and after many hardships they reached Ukumbi, the Roman Catholic Mission station at the south end of the Lake.

Things looked very gloomy at the opening of the year 1889. The king dethroned, the Mission-houses wrecked, the missionaries driven out, the Christians in hiding in Ankoli (a country lying to the south-west of Buganda) "as sheep not having a shepherd."

August 28th was a stirring day at the lonely station at Usambiro, for Stanley arrived with Emin Pasha and their small army of porters, and they were entertained by Mackay for a few days. Writing afterwards of Mackay, the explorer spoke of him as "a modern Livingstone"; high praise

from a man who looked upon Livingstone as, perhaps, the noblest man in the world.

On October 11th, 1889, just a year after his expulsion, Mwanga returned to Buganda, quickly gathered an army of Christians, and seized the throne. Messrs. Gordon and Walker returned with him. Early in 1890 Mr. Jackson, agent of the Imperial British East Africa Company, reached Mengo, having come by way of Kavirondo.

On February 8th, 1890, brave Alexander Mackay died at Usambiro, and thus reached "the headquarters of the Nyanza Mission," where "the Lord of the harvest" was watching over His scattered disciples.

On April 25th (St. Mark's Day), 1890, Bishop A. R. Tucker was consecrated, and in December he reached Buganda, and with him came Messrs. Pilkington (who has since done such valuable translation work), Baskerville, F. C. Smith, and Hooper; the last named, however, only staying in Buganda a few weeks.

KING MWANGA.

On January 18th, 1891, was held the first Confirmation Service in Buganda, for until then no bishop had ever reached that country. Two days later six lay evangelists were set apart. During the same month work was opened in Busoga, at Wakoli's.

In September the Imperial British East Africa Company thought of withdrawing from Buganda through want of money, which would have meant civil war and the overthrow of all missionary work in Buganda.

Christian friends of the Mission in England raised £16,000 to help the Imperial British East Africa Company to remain a little longer in Buganda to maintain order of some kind.

On January 24th, 1892, civil war broke out in Mengo between the Protestant and Roman Catholic chiefs, for the followers of the three religions in the country — Protestants, Papists, and Mohammedans—had formed themselves into political parties, and were all at war with one another. The Papists were defeated, and fled, taking Mwanga, the king, with them.

March 30th.—Mwanga returned to Mengo and signed a treaty with the Imperial British East Africa Company, under whose flag he had placed himself some time before this.

July 31st.—A great church now built on Namirembe Hill was opened, when about 5,000 persons were present.

December 23rd.—Bishop Tucker and six new missionaries reached Mengo.

1893, February.—A new station was opened at Ziba, in the province of Kyagwe.

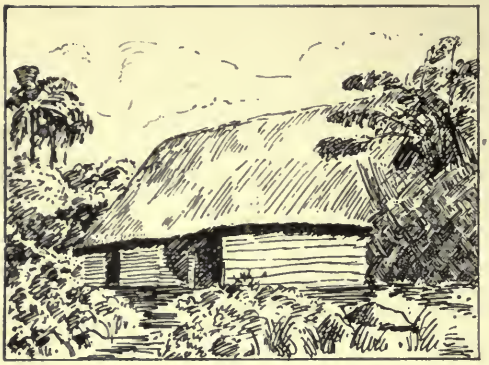
In March, Sir Gerald Portal, the British Government Commissioner, with his staff, reached Mengo, and on April 1st the Union Jack was hoisted at Kampala, and Buganda became a British protectorate about a year later, April, 1894, though it was not formally declared in Mengo until August, 1894. In this same eventful month (April, 1893) forty Protestant chiefs signed a declaration in favour of doing away with slavery.

May 28th.—Ordination of six Native readers as deacons.

June, 1895.—British Government passed a vote for making a railway to Buganda from the East coast.

October 4th.—Bishop Tucker reached Mengo for his third visit with ten new missionaries, five of them ladies—the first to settle in Buganda.

May, 1896.—A new station opened at Kasagama's capital in Toro



A MISSIONARY'S HOUSE IN BUGANDA.

—a kingdom bordered by the Ruwenzori Mountains, or, as they were once called, "The Mountains of the Moon."

May, 1896.—Three deacons ordained priests, five new deacons were ordained, and several lay readers set apart.

June, 1896.—Let us give a glance at "the fruitful field" now, after nineteen years of ploughing and sowing by those early heroes who toiled in dark days. Here are some figures which speak: 1,339 communicants, 7,187 baptized persons, 2,449 preparing for baptism,* 20,749 persons reading the Gospels daily (in classes), 23,346 learning to read, 290 churches with Sunday congregations amounting to 25,595, and week-day congregations of 6,349.

Of what marvels of God's power do these figures tell! If we could know all that He knows of their holy meaning. And yet of what sad cases of hollowness, shallowness, fickleness, drunkenness, and worse things do these figures remind us who are "behind the scenes," and who know the shady as well as the bright side; we who mourn over some who "did run well," but now, alas! where are they? Here is plenty to go to God about, both in heartfelt praise and fervent prayer.

* * * * * *

But—splash! Why, we have dropped anchor off Zanzibar! Here the Universities' Mission is zealously at work amongst the mixture of peoples who throng this "Liverpool" of Central Africa.

Two silent graves are to be seen amongst many others in the little English cemetery. Silent, did I say? Ah no, for they tell a story of the short course, well run, of two young college friends in Cambridge days, who laid all "at Jesu's feet" for "Darkest Africa's" sake, and counted not

* In September, 1896, there were 2,633 communicants, 10,145 baptized persons, 2,711 preparing for baptism.

their lives dear unto themselves. The Rev. J. W. H. Hill fell asleep in 1890, and saintly George Greaves, his college friend, was laid beside him in "God's Acre" in July of the following year. And yet those lives were in no sense "lost lives." There are six missionaries in the field to-day as a result indirectly of dear George Greave's life and death, and a seventh is now in training for a place in "the regions beyond."

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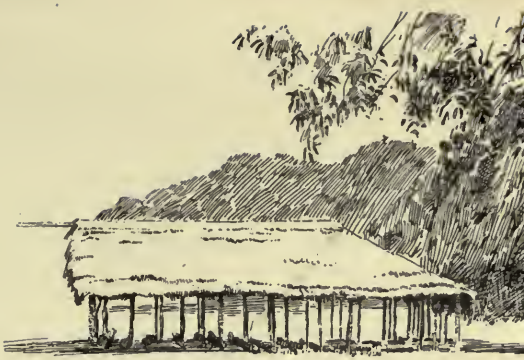
Our "Very Modern History Lessons" are finished, and we can now take to the "spectacles" in dead earnest.

ZANZIBAR.

CHAPTER III.

MOMBASA HARBOUR—Frere Town—A hearty welcome—Frere Town Church—English cemetery—1 John i. 7—A sheet-anchor in the last storm—The Boys' School—The Teachers' Training Class—The Girls' Dormitory—Mombasa Town—"A mixed multitude"—The Ladies' House—An open-air service—"Confectioners"—The Hospital, Mzizima—Packing up—Porters—Up the creek to Rabai—An early seed-plot—Krapf and Rebmann: their journeys and discoveries—A man of mighty faith—The compound at Rabai—Rev. W. H. Jones—"Ichabod"—Wanyika and Masai—Raw caterpillars or stewed?—Morning prayers at Rabai—"Kilts" in Africa—A new use for castor oil—A sudden attack—Wanyika warriors.

SCHOOL-BUILDINGS AT FFERE TOWN.



A VILLAGE CHURCH.

WALI (GOVERNOR) OF MOMBASA.

AT THE COAST.

THE dawn is just breaking as we steam into Mombasa harbour. We did well not to linger in deadly Zanzibar longer than we could help. We slow down, and soon make fast to the big restless red buoy that swings fretfully in the rapid tide.

We have come in by a narrow and dangerous channel, for the little island of Mombasa blocks the entrance to the long and straggling harbour. On our left is perched on the red rocks the busy little town of Mombasa. On our right is English Point—a jutting rock which has grown since the Imperial British East Africa Company began to build a small stone pier from the rocks. However, it may now be looked upon as "quite grown up," for no more is likely to be added to it, for I am sorry to say that the Company with the big name died of want a year or two ago.

But now look in front of you. What a lovely view! Bending palms and other graceful trees grow to the very water's edge, and nestling amongst them can be seen glimpses of the Girls' Dormitory, the Ladies' House, the Bishop's pretty bungalow, and a peep—if you are tall enough—of the picturesque home of Mr. and Mrs. Binns.

But here comes the C.M.S. boat alongside, and we are quickly rowed ashore to Frere Town—named after Sir Bartle Frere. It was founded in 1875 as a settlement for freed slaves who were found in Arab dhows caught by our English gunboats off this coast. As we land upon the sandy beach

we see a crowd of bright-looking African girls and another of boys. In hearty chorus they shout "Jambo, jambo" (How do you do?). Plenty of friendly English faces are there too to greet us, and we soon feel quite at home in our new surroundings. Let us take a look round before the sun gets too hot.

Here is the Bishop's pretty bungalow, built, I believe, for brave Bishop Hannington. It looks right down the harbour to the entrance. A little farther along a broad shady walk we come upon Mr. and Mrs. Binns' nice

GROUP OF MISSIONARIES TAKEN AT MOMBASA IN 1895.

Back row, from left to right:—*Mr. Martin Hall, Miss Higginbotham, Mr. Wray, *Mr. Wright, *Miss Browne, Mr. Binns, Mrs. Edwards, Dr. Edwards, *Dr. Baxter, Mr. Maynard, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Bailey, *Miss Thomsett, *Miss Chadwick, *Mr. Wilson, Mr. Burt, *Mr. Buckley. *Second row:*—*Dr. Rattray, Mrs. Wray, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Binns, *the Bishop, Miss Gedge, Mrs. Gardener, *Miss Furley, Mrs. Pigott, *Miss Pilgrim. *Third row:*—Mr. Hamshere, Mr. Vale, Mrs. Vale, Miss Wyatt (now Mrs. Burt), Miss Grieve, Miss Wilde, Miss Lockhart (now Mrs. Hamshere), Miss S. Bazett, *Mr. Purvis, the late Miss Conway.

* Marks the members of the party on their way to Uganda.

house with its cool, shady rooms. In this big dining room the missionaries all meet at mid-day for their daily prayer-meeting. But let us move on. Here is the Frere Town Church, a fine stone building in place of the rather dingy little church beyond.

NEW CHURCH AT FRERE TOWN.

If you are not tired let us go a little farther, to the quiet little English cemetery. Not a few touching stories belong to these silent graves. But let me take you to that one under yonder small tree. We read the name, J. Dudley M. Cotter ; and at the foot of the stone—by his own request—the text "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." When this little known, but brave and simple Christian man was dying, and too weak to hold his Bible any longer, he asked his friends to cut out this one verse from his little Bible, and held between his fingers the slip of paper containing that "exceeding great and precious" promise, 1 John i. 7, until his eyes were closed in death, only to open in glory upon the full sight of that same "Jesus Christ." "May my last end be like his," our hearts seem to say as we turn from the grave of this young missionary who died, but not in vain, on the threshold of his work in Africa.

We must not leave the Boys' School without a visit. Here it is, with its playground surrounded by low white buildings, which are the dormitories and class rooms. Many of these boys afterwards become teachers in other Mission schools at Rabai and elsewhere ; but the larger number of them find employment as servants, &c., at the coast.

Mr. Hamshere, I am sure, will now want us to see his ten or twelve

eldest lads whom he is training as teachers, possibly some day to become Native pastors. Sometimes he has Baganda boys there for a few months, left by missionaries from Buganda who have gone home on leave, and who will take them back to their homes when they returned to Buganda. Many of the boys at the school learn trades—carpentering, smithery, &c.—in the workshops just below the Bishop's house.

But the girls will be wanting a visit too. They are a bright, merry-looking band. Here is a group playing on the swing hung from a huge tree in the playground. There, down by the well, is a group of older girls washing clothes (*not* in the well). There is a good branch of the Young Women's Christian Association amongst these elder girls, and many also belong to the "Scripture Union." Close by their big dormitory is the Lady Missionaries' House, with its lovely views across the narrow channel to Mombasa. Here we can get a cup of afternoon tea, I am sure, before we go across to Mombasa to see Mr. Taylor and the ladies at work there.

A short row across the narrow channel brings us to the important little island of Mombasa. We go down the narrow streets, with their strange mixture of races—Indians, Arabs, and Africans of many tribes—until we reach the Ladies' House, where four or five lady missionaries live, visiting the women and girls—nearly all slaves—in various parts of the town, a patient, difficult work which is surely leaving God's mark on some very godless lives.

After a little time of prayer together, out we all start under the leadership of the Rev. W. E. Taylor, who has done some sixteen years of splendid work in East Africa. We gather in a vacant stall in the new market building. It has a big sign, "Confectioners," and we soon get as big a crowd as any confectioner's stall would gather in England on a Bank Holiday. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Wray tell of sweeter things than "sweets," of "pardon, grace, and peace," "without money and without price," and we sing some of the Swahili hymns, many of them translated by Mr. Taylor. But the noise of merchandise becomes deafening, and we must move on to a quieter spot. We find a waste piece of ground not far away, and soon an eager crowd has gathered and the good tidings are told. Thus the seed of the Word is being daily sown in Mombasa.

MOMBASA HARBOUR.

We have just time on our way back to call at Mzizima, Dr. Edwards' beautiful little hospital, where he is doing Christ's own work of "preaching, and healing the sick."

Two or three busy days have been spent on repacking several of our loads and weighing them to an exact sixty-five pounds weight, that being the weight which each porter has agreed to carry; for we cannot go to Buganda by train yet, nor even by carts or horses. All has to be carried on men's shoulders or heads. All loads, except just our personal luggage, have gone on to the camp at Mazera's—the base camp or true starting point of all caravans going by this northern route.

We embark in several boats, some of them borrowed, and after many farewells and a prayer upon the shore, row up the long winding creek to a point a few miles only below Rabai, where we are going to spend a few days while the last preparations of the caravan are being made.

After a stiff climb of a wooded hill we do not take long to reach Rabai, or Kisulutini, as it used to be called long ago. This is a most interesting place, for here began the East Africa Mission under Krapf, who had been driven out of Abyssinia. He was soon joined by Rebmann, and these two brave men toiled on for twenty-nine years. Krapf was a man of mighty faith, and began so early as 1851 to hope and pray for a chain of Mission stations right across Africa from East to West, though his holy ambition and hope found no fulfilment, or even a beginning of one until 1875. And yet now (1897) it has almost—if not quite—come true; for the most easterly of the Mission stations that have come from West Africa up the Congo are not more than a few days' march from the most westerly of our C.M.S. stations in Toro.

But we have reached the pretty Mission compound at Rabai. Let us look round. Along one side of the square run the class rooms of the schools, on another side the house of the lady missionaries, and opposite to it the fine big church with an iron roof, whilst on the fourth side is the house of the Native pastor, the Rev. William H. Jones, who was the companion of Bishop Hannington on his last journey, and who brought back the sad news of his death to the coast, bearing a big blue flag—blue is the colour for mourning in many parts of Africa—with the one word "Ichabod" ("The glory is gone") written across it.

The principal tribe living at Rabai are the Wanyika. They have a curious taste, for they eat raw caterpillars; so if you accidentally meet with a cooked one in your dish of cabbages one day, remember that caterpillars are not poisonous, and that there *are* people who actually like them. However, there is no accounting for tastes.

GROUP OF WOMEN AT MOMBASA.

The bell rings for family prayers for all Rabai at six o'clock each morning, and some hundreds gather for a short service in the church before they go out to their day's work in the *shambas* or gardens.

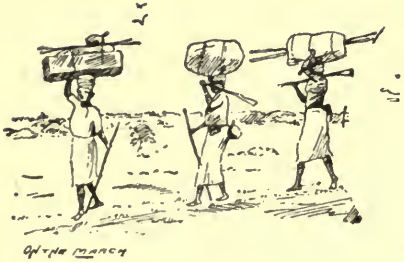
The Wanyika women dress in short kilts of cotton cloth in many pleats well soaked in castor oil, which is the only washing that they ever get. They are worn day and night until they show signs of falling to pieces, when a new one is put on *over the old one.*

Rabai was recently attacked by the troops of the Arab rebel Assiz, but owing to the timely warning of a Rabai man, they were driven off by a party of English Marines and the Rabai warriors, who fought most bravely.

"OFF WE GO."

CHAPTER IV.

THE rebel Arab—Waiting for a clear road—"After you, please"—Rabai to Mwachi—A modern Babel—Our menagerie—Pitching tents—Load hunting—A scratch supper—An early awakening—Caravans wait for no man—Packing under difficulties—A lightning breakfast—Off at last—A canvas village—The waterless plain—"A lick and a promise"—A race against camels—A sunset view of Kilima Njaro—Kibwezi—A leopard in camp—"The Church in the wilderness"—"The Gate of Central Africa"—"Men who leave their work behind them"—"How great is that darkness!"—Machakos—A modern "Swiss Family Robinson"—The Athi Plains—A menagerie let loose—Kikuyu—"In clover"—Masai warriors—No food!—A "starvation camp"—Lake Naivasha—A rude bridge—Daring donkeys—Clover, thistle, and shamrock—Eldoma Ravine—The Kamasia Forest—Ice at the Equator!—The Guaso Masa River—The Wanandi Brigands—A night attack—"Watch ye!"

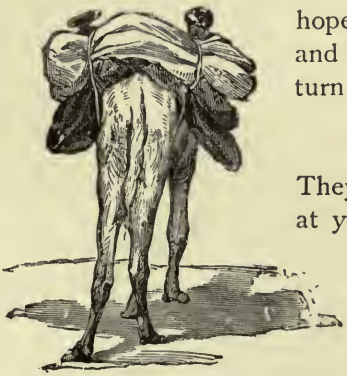


CAMELS AT REST.

ON THE MARCH.

THE day for our start has come. We have been waiting for a rebel Arab chief—Assiz—with his large armed force to cross our road on his way south. "*After* you, sir," is our wisest plan here, that we may have a clear road without fighting, though the Government are lending us an escort of some sixty Swahili soldiers. Our English bluejackets will settle with this troublesome gentleman further down the coast.

Thick boots, pith helmets, and umbrellas are the order of the day, and off we start for Mwachi, our first camp. Two hours' hot walking brings us to a Babel scene. Fully 500 porters are scattered over the hill-side in their tiny tents which, when tightly rolled up, will serve as the turbans on their heads during the day. Come and see our menagerie which is to go with us; three gaunt-looking camels, three cows with calves, two young bullocks, twenty-six donkeys, and a flock of twenty-three sheep for food form our live stock. Now let us get up our tents and sort our loads—no easy task on this our first day in camp, when things seem hopelessly mixed.



A CAMEL ON THE MARCH.

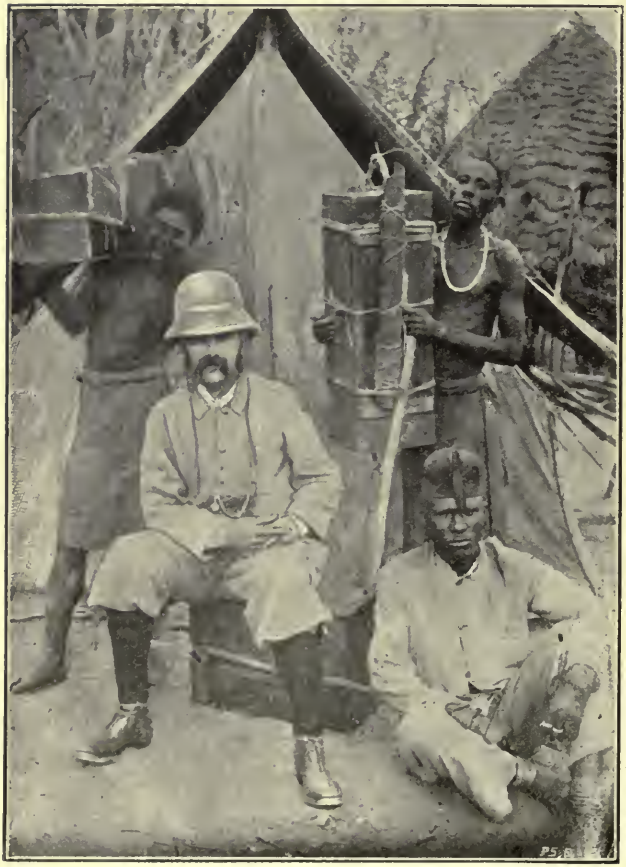
At last evening falls, and we get some kind of a scratch supper, and turn in very early and very tired.

* * *

Hark! what's that? They are beating a drum. Strike a light! Look at your watch. Why it is only half-past four and pitch dark. Very sorry, but up you must get. Caravans "wait for no man."

What a hunt for clothes, boots, &c. What a scramble to get one's things

packed! Call your boy to help (?). Alas! he only makes matters worse. The muddle thickens, for we don't know his language nor he ours. We tumble over one another in the tiny tent. Porters are clamouring outside to take it down and pack it. Seizing a lantern, we rush out into the darkness and gather in twos and threes (for we are divided into "messes") round our tiny tables for breakfast. Lumpy porridge, "tin cow's" milk (our name for condensed milk), a cup of coffee, a few biscuits, and may be a little tough goat's flesh make up our meal, which has to be swallowed at express speed, for another drum is sounding and porters are snatching up every load that they can lay hands on. Away go tables, seats, plates, &c., and we are left struggling with a hard biscuit and some half-boiling coffee. But even the cup is wanted, so with a scalding gulp we give it up to be packed. Your boy will carry your bag of odds-and-ends, such as biscuits, potted meat, and water-bottle, for each of us has a boy servant, and a cook between three of us. And now we march as the dawn is breaking, and go on steadily for three hours, when we halt for a rest and a cup of tea; then



READY TO START—BISHOP TUCKER WITH PORTERS.

perhaps an hour or two more, and we camp for another night's rest, forming quite a young village with our rows of tents. But now "Good-night," for we shall have to repeat the dose to-morrow.

Here we come upon the waterless Taro Plain, and have to carry our precious stock of water for drinking in iron cylinders under lock and key. As to water for washing, keep your sponge as wet as may be, and content yourself with "a lick and a promise" of more some day.

To our horror one day we hear that a caravan of twenty-four camels is on in front and will reach the precious water-holes before us. So up we get at two o'clock in the morning, light our lanterns, pack, breakfast, and hurry off to overtake the camels. We pass them sleeping on the roadside, and we win the race and get to the water first. Camels are *not* "moderate drinkers"; and had they been first at the well there would have been little except mud left for us.

Another camp, Kinani, is close beside a pool which lies at the foot of a long bare rock. Let us climb it as the sun is setting. What a view meets us! There away to the south rise the two snowy peaks of Mount Kilima Njaro, seeming to reach the very skies, though the giant mountain must be fully a hundred miles away from where we stand. It is a wonderful sight! Those snowy heights lit up by a tropical sun, and we shall not easily forget this page in God's picture-book.

A few more marches bring us to Kibwezi, where the country begins to lose its desert look. Here we get a hearty welcome from the friends in charge of the Scotch Industrial Mission. They have laid out their grounds most neatly, and English fruits and vegetables thrive in the gardens. Here we find a nice camping-ground, though a leopard bounds past the very door of our tent as we are pitching our camp. We spend a quiet Sunday here, and gather round the Lord's table, a little "Church in the wilderness" of dark Heathenism which reigns all around us.

Two more marches and we come upon a beautiful valley shadowed by the great Nzawi Peak on one side—a wild cliff not unlike "Arthur's Seat" at Edinburgh, only much higher. It has been well called "The Gate of Central Africa," for here begin the villages and cultivated parts of real inner Africa. Below us winds a sandy river. The Wakamba crowd

A ZEBRA.

into our camp—all curiosity—and are as strange to our eyes as we are to theirs. They smear their bodies with castor oil and red earth. They want to touch everything that they see of ours, but beware! these are "men who leave a mark behind them" of red earth and oil. The men and women dress (if we may call it dressing) in oiled goat-skins, and wear very showy anklets or "spats" of plaited pink beads.

Three more marches, one along the bed of a shallow river, and we find ourselves at Machako's, where there is a Government fort. It stands in a fertile plain amid a circle of mountains, and these grassy plains give pasture to immense flocks and herds, for the Wakamba are a race of herdsmen. But we cannot leave Machako's without a visit to the solitary English missionary to the Wakamba. Three hours' walk over yonder hills to the north and we come upon a "Swiss Family Robinson" in real life. The missionary, his wife, and five children live in their lonely mountain home, loved and trusted by their Native neighbours.

Our next four marches take us across the Athi Plains, where we can see a whole menagerie let loose. Hundreds of antelopes and zebras gallop over the plains; lions creep in the long grass in pursuit of them. See that scurrying flock of ostriches racing over the plain. Look there on the hill-side at that huge rhinoceros, and not far from him those three big buffaloes. As night falls we hear the cry of the jackal, the laugh of the hyena, and the snort of the hippopotamus.

Kikuyu is our next important halt. Here we have reached a height of 6,300 feet above the sea, and have real English clover in which to pitch our tents. Fine mountain views meet us on all sides. Across the valley is a big village of the once terrible Masai, the great fighting tribe of East and Central Africa, but now scattered and broken by famine and small-pox; they have given up their wandering life for a time, and settled near the English fort for protection. Fine tall men they are, each carrying a spear with a very long blade (they have been measured as much as thirty-seven inches in length), with which they can do terrible mischief in battle. They do not cultivate the ground, but live almost entirely on milk, meat, and butter, from their vast herds of cattle, which they are said to love more than they love their wives and children. Every man's hand is against them, but nobody has taken to them the Gospel of peace yet, nor to the

Wakikuyu, a vast tribe of herdsmen dwelling in these mountains that we see all around us, and "how shall they hear without a preacher?"

* * * * * *

No food! An awful cry in the wild prairies of Central Africa, with no village for fifty miles or more in any direction. And yet it often happens. A porter grows tired of carrying his bag of food which ought to last him ten days, and he throws it away; or delays occur on the road and food runs short. Look at this "starvation camp" which we have come across. A group of starving men sitting round the embers of a fire; mere bags of skin and bone; there they sit waiting for death. An awful sight! but all too common here. The hyenas prowl round them at night, smelling a sick man. The vultures are already soaring overhead, waiting to give them their ghastly funeral. How we shall thank God for the railway when it is finished. It will to a great extent make an end of this grim caravan work, with its dark stories of suffering so seldom told, so often acted.

As we pass round the shores of Lake Naivasha we see the grim head of a hippopotamus above the water, or the rough horny back of a hideous crocodile. But now there is many a river to cross. Are you good at rope-walking? for here is a fallen tree, which is our only way across this foaming river. One by one we creep across our rough bridge, and then comes the business of getting donkeys and cattle over. We tie them one at a time to a big rope, and then swing them across in the racing current. Some daring donkeys try the passage by themselves, and are soon swept away, rolling over and over in the swift stream. At last we fish them out, wetter, and we hope wiser, donkeys. (Did you ever know *a wise donkey?*)

And now we find ourselves in the mountains, amid fresh breezes and fresh flowers, as well as familiar English clover, Scotch thistle, and Irish shamrock, or at any rate their African cousins with a stray family likeness. It is almost like being in the hills at home. But here is another Government station coming in sight just above the Eldoma Ravine. We will rest here for a day or two and enjoy the fresh mountain air and magnificent views.

* * * * * *

But now, forward! for food will be running short if we linger. We pass down now into the gloomy but beautiful Eldoma Ravine, a deep rift

in a dense forest, with the River Eldoma running through it, then up, up, up, a breathless climb, till we pass into the gloomy depths of the Kamasia Forest, where we reach a height of 8,700 feet above the sea. We camp at a height of 8,300 feet, and wake up to find ice on our water-pails, and hoarfrost on the ground; and this not thirty miles from the Equator!

A few marches more and we reach the Guaso Masa river. We have had an anxious time for some days, and every night lately have posted armed sentries round the camp, and ourselves taken our turns on the night

watch, for we are passing through the country of a fierce tribe who have resolved to attack and rob every caravan that comes along.

As we stand on the river bank we see the remains of a caravan which they murdered and robbed about a month ago. Poisoned arrows are still sticking in the ground. Papers, books, letters, &c., strew the ground on all sides, for this was a mail caravan. One of the few survivors has joined our caravan at the ravine, and tells us of the sudden rush of the foe in the dark, the flight of deadly arrows, the sharp spear thrust, the hasty flight, and the ghastly scene on which the morning sun broke—seventeen men out of twenty-four lying stiff in death upon the ground. *And all because they forgot to watch!* Is there no word of warning for *us* here? (1 Pet. v. 8.)

CHAPTER V.

CIRCULAR villages—Iron smelting—A tropical storm—Eleven victims—Mumia's—An interesting spot—Finding of Hannington's remains—A remarkable funeral at Namirembe—A Mission in Kavirondo—Starved out—A change of scene—Busoga—The people—The country—The king's tax-gatherer—"Are you thirsty?"—Cheap refreshments—Few rivers—Divisions of Busoga—The feudal system—Calling on Miro—Loving darkness rather than light—Gabula—Hannington House, Luba's—Luba himself—The Buvuma Islands—Skilled potters.

CIRCULAR HUTS.

ENTRANCE TO A VILLAGE IN KAVIRONDO.

KAVIRONDO AND BUSOGA.

LEAVING the Guaso Masa river behind us, we soon afterwards enter a new country—Kavirondo—with its curious circular villages, surrounded by a ditch with a strong stockade of poles above it and only one narrow gateway by which to enter. The Wakavirondo are a simple and industrious people. They scorn clothes of any kind, except, perhaps, a necklace of beads. The men smelt iron in quaint clay furnaces and make spears and spades.

One afternoon, near Kabra's, an awful storm of hail and rain overtakes us, and tiny streams soon become impassable rivers. Morning dawns, and we leave eleven porters dead in camp, for nothing kills an African sooner than this heavy rain and hail. But it is sad work, this system of human beasts of burden, for we cannot forget that each is "a soul for whom Christ died."

But we have almost reached the further border of Kavirondo, and come upon another Government fort here, close to the large village of Mumia, the big chief of these parts. Let us pass into the village. Do you notice this hard red earth in a circle? It was the floor of a house once. "And thereby hangs a tale." In 1892 Bishop Tucker, when going up to

Buganda by this road, learned from the head-man of a caravan that the remains of brave Bishop Hannington were buried somewhere in Mumia's village. After his death Hannington's bones were exposed on a kind of scaffold for some time, and one of the porters who had survived the massacre was appointed to watch them. After a time the Basoga were afraid that these bones would bring them bad luck, and the man was forced to take them away, and so he moved about with them from place to place, till finally, with the aid of an officer of the Imperial British East Africa Company, they were enclosed in a box and buried in a hut in Mumia's village. This hut afterwards fell down and was not rebuilt, and when Bishop Tucker arrived the spot was all grass grown, but this man pointed out where it had stood. Mumia denied all knowledge of them, but at length gave Bishop Tucker leave to dig for them. They were found under the site of this hut in a box, were reverently packed in a new box and brought to Mengo, where they were given an honourable burial outside the great church on Namirembe Hill. King Mwanga, by whose orders Hannington's life was taken, was present at the funeral, and persecutor and Christians met in forgiveness and peace round the grave of the "lion-hearted" Hannington.

A Mission was begun in Kavirondo a few years ago (1894), but owing

THE SPOT WHERE BISHOP HANNINGTON'S REMAINS WERE FOUND.

IN MUMIA'S VILLAGE.

to the scarcity of food the missionaries were unable to remain there, and so these poor folk are still "without God in the world."

Two or three more marches, and suddenly, as by the touch of some magic hand, the whole scene changes. Instead of little cramped villages and thinly cultivated soil, we come upon miles of plantain gardens laden with fruit. Instead of naked savages, a polite people dressed in black bark-cloths, beaten out from the inner bark of a kind of fig tree and dyed black.

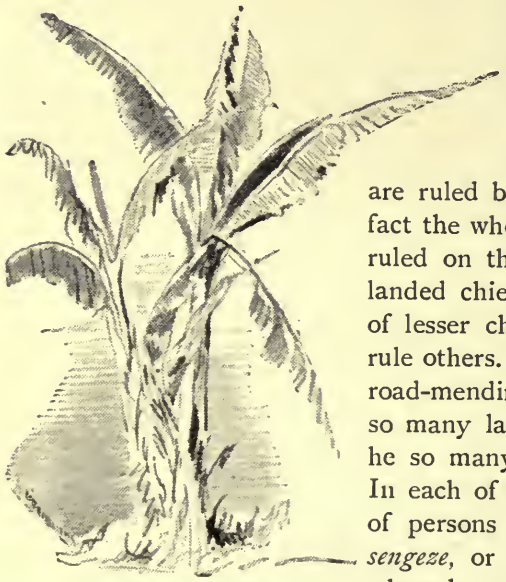
But why this sudden and welcome change? We have passed out of Kavirondo into Busoga, the most fertile country, probably, in the whole of Central Africa. We are now within the extensive dominions of Mwanga, King of Buganda, for Busoga is a subject country ruled from Mengo and paying a heavy yearly tribute.

The Basoga are a fine, good-looking people, and speak a language not very unlike Luganda, of which it is perhaps an older form. The country teems with people, plantains, and goats. The last named form a good part of the tribute to Buganda; and if you happen to meet the king's

tax-gatherer on his way to Mengo, he takes up a very large slice of road with his herd of sheep and goats. The Basoga are shy and timid, as they have been so much oppressed by their conquerors, the Baganda, but are kindly and clever when you get to know them.

Let me tell you a little more of this interesting country as we walk along a well-kept road through shady plantain gardens. But stop! May be you are thirsty. Let us call to those women peeping through the trees for something to drink. "*Banaife, mulete mubisi*," *i.e.*, "My friends, bring some mbisi"—a delicious drink made of unfermented banana juice. A girl comes up with a big gourd and pours some into a cup made of a smaller gourd. How delicious! But how much to pay? Nothing. There is an old custom or law by which all travellers on the road to Mengo must be fed free of charge. But now come along, and I will tell you more as we walk.

Busoga consists of forests, gardens, and swamps, but has scarcely any proper rivers. The hills are all near the edge of the country, and therefore what rivers there are, are very small and short, as they soon find their way into the Lake or into a swamp.



A BANANA TREE.

The country is divided up amongst about seven big chiefs, who in turn are ruled by some bigger chiefs in Buganda. In fact the whole of King Mwanga's dominions are ruled on the feudal system. He has ten great landed chiefs under him; they have a number of lesser chiefs under them; and they in turn rule others. Each smaller chief must do so much road-mending, collect so much tribute, and furnish so many labourers to the chief above him; and he so many to the one above him, and so on. In each of the ten provinces there are two kinds of persons under the great chief:—(1) *Babwesengeze*, or his own personal dependents, upon whom he can call for any building or other work

to be done. (2) *Abami amatwala*, who can only be called upon to do the king's work in the capital or elsewhere. In fact, on the whole, things are very much as they were in England about the time of William the Conqueror, I believe, though I cannot remember quite so far back!

A CHIEF IN BUSOGA.

To return to Busoga chiefs. These bigger chiefs are quite like little kings in their own country, and keep up great style. Let us call on Miro, one of the most powerful of these Busoga chiefs. His capital is well laid out with broad roads, fenced on either side with tall, well-woven reed fences. Miro meets us dressed in a spotless English cotton shirt and a showy-coloured cloth round his waist and reaching to his feet. He is of middle height, beautifully built, and has a strong, handsome face. His manners are most pleasing and courteous, and he has an unmistakable air of command about him. He was brought up in Buganda, and has quite a colony (some 200) of Baganda settled round him, of whom the Basoga are not a little afraid. He is very fond of anything English, except the Gospel which we bring from England. Outwardly he is friendly enough; but in his heart I fear that, like most of the big chiefs in Busoga, he loves "darkness rather than light." Gabula, a powerful chief in the north of

Busoga, is a fat and lazy young man, who seems to find life a great burden. He, too, makes fair promises of helping our teachers if we will send them—but his promises are worth little, and he loves his beer more than a Bible. We have a Mission station at Miro's, and at one time had two Europeans there, but *now* only one.

But perhaps the most interesting of the Basoga chiefs is Luba. Let us pay him a visit. He is the chief who took Bishop Hannington prisoner by the king's orders, and afterwards killed him near his old *mbuga* or enclosure at the top of a hill behind the present well-built Mission-house, which is called Hannington House. The old man has since moved his quarters into the plain near the Lake and close to the Government fort. As he comes out to meet us we notice him to be a fine, tall old man, with dignified manners and strongly-marked features, especially his big lower jaw, which may have given him his name, as *luba* means "the lower jaw." He is dressed in a long white *kanzu*, or robe, and two huge hollow anklets, one of brass and the other of copper, jangle on each foot as he walks with a long, slow stride. He is said to be very sorry now for his part in Hannington's death, and certainly we, as Christians, bear him no ill-will for doing what his king told him to do. The blame rests with Mwanga more than with Luba. The Buvuma Islands lie off the Busoga coast, and as the people there speak the same language, the Mission work amongst them is superintended by the missionary at Luba's. Let us take a canoe and visit them. Our first day's voyage takes us as far as Buvuma, one of the largest islands in this great Lake.

The Bavuma are a fine, hardy, warlike race, and very clever in the use of the sling; the numbers of men whom you meet with a huge scar exactly in the middle of their forehead are a grim proof of their skill with the sling. They were never really conquered by the Baganda until 1893, when Captain Williams, of the Imperial British East Africa Company, went against them with two boats and two Maxim guns, without which help the Baganda alone would never have conquered them. Even under such heavy odds these brave islanders made a tremendous stand against their invaders, fighting waist deep in the water.

Food is very scarce on this group of islands, but the Bavuma being skilled potters, they make cooking pots and pipes, and sell them for

food at certain markets along the Lake shore, and also amongst the Sese Islands. Some of the men are magnificently made fellows, and are enormously powerful in the chest and arms from paddling their canoes.

On one of these islands—Bugaya—a Muganda chief went and taught them to read, and at one time nearly one hundred persons were reading, and an even larger number hearing the Gospel. It is a dreary spot, and so barren that the people have to store the food which they buy in tiny wicker huts, like huge bee-hives. The greatest hindrance to the Gospel in Busoga lies in the terrible drinking habits, and the smoking of *njai*, or hemp, nearly as deadly as opium-smoking. About three men out of every ten whom you meet on the roads carry a huge carved wooden goblet, and if one of them sees a drinking bout going on in the gardens, he turns aside, sits down, and joins in the revel.

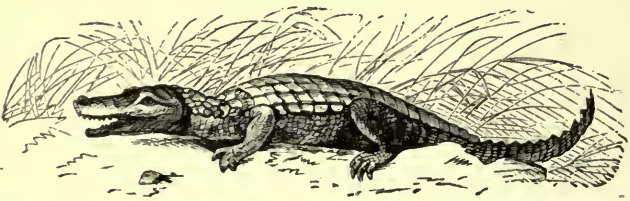
A WATERFALL.

Pray for poor Busoga—a most beautiful country—

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

CHAPTER VI.

A LOVELY scene—Napoleon Gulf—The Ripon Falls—The River Nile—Luba's Ferry—Landing in Kyagwe—Sekibobo—The king's ratcatcher—"Up hill and down dale"—The Forest, Bulondaganyi—Sira Mulondo—Ngogwe—The Mission station—A tough climb—A fine view—The Sezibwa river—The Sekibobo's *embuga*—Nikodemo Sebwato—Died March, 1895—Ziba—Moving the capital—Inside the *kisakate*—The *segwazi*—Ngogwe Church—"Building from the top"—Nikodemo's tomb—The "borrowed axe"—Julia—"Not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ"—The Rev. Yonasani Kaidzi—A view of the Lake—The Bukunja coast—Sixty teachers—A self-supporting church—"Much fruit."



KYAGWE.

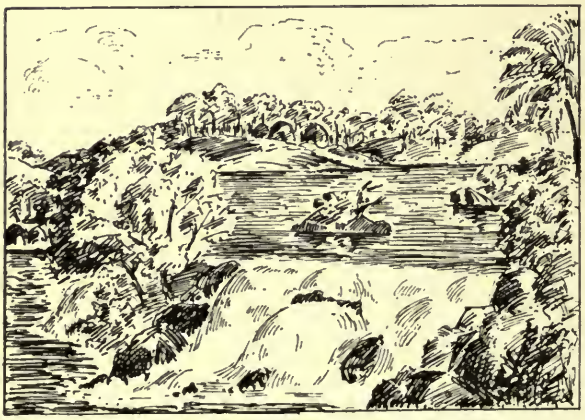
AS we stand on the hill which we reach soon after leaving the Mission station at Luba's a lovely scene lies stretched beneath us. To the west is a beautiful silvery bay called Napoleon Gulf, and beyond it the hills of Buganda are in sight. It was possibly when climbing this very hill that Bishop Hannington was seized and made prisoner, as this is about the first hill from which a proper view of the great Victoria Nyanza can be had. Napoleon Gulf narrows down in its northern end to a width of not much more than 300 yards, and pours itself over the beautiful Ripon Falls, and then becomes the famous River Nile, whose sources were the geographers' puzzle not so very many years ago.

Let us turn aside to see these wonderful Falls. Their beauty grows on us. An enormous volume of water suddenly glides over a step of hidden rocks. In one place it forms great crystal domes; in another it breaks into snowy foam against some hidden barrier. Below is a surging mass of waters churned into foam and scattered in spray which, catching the sun's rays, forms lovely rainbows. Breasting the tossing waters below are the bold cormorants, snatching the luckless fish which may be seen leaping from the foam to try and regain their old home in the quiet lake above, which they sometimes succeed in doing. On the wet rocks below

stand the quiet forms of the fishermen, line in hand, wet with the dashing spray, looking like figures of bronze. Beyond them in a quiet pool revels an ungainly hippopotamus, while two grim crocodiles lie basking on the surface of the water. It is a wonderful scene, a fitting beginning to one of the most wonderful rivers in the world.

Let us cross the river just above the Falls. Luba will provide us with canoes, as that is one of his duties, to ferry across all caravans going to Buganda. And now we find ourselves in the province of Kyagwe, which extends from here almost to Mengo, which is fifty-four miles away. The overlord of this big province is called the Sekibobo, and is one of the great landed chiefs who hold their provinces direct from the king, *abasaza* or "persons of authority." Under Sekibobo are four principal chiefs, with any number of lesser chiefs under them. Many of the chiefs in this, as well as in the other big provinces, are "king's men," *abami amatwala* (see Chapter V.). Amongst them is *Seruti*, the king's head brewer; and the chief of the *Kitongole kya buizi*, the king's head ratcatcher. These rats are not like the vermin which we kill at home, but are big creatures, and are considered a great delicacy as food.

Our main road to Mengo lies along the southern part of the province, and not far from the northern shore of the Lake, of which we get beautiful glimpses every now and then. "Up hill and down dale" describes the road all the way to Mengo. This province is divided into two parts by a great forest, in which may be heard the heavy tread of the elephant, the snarl of the leopard, and the sad cry of a special kind of antelope which is only found there, and which feeds at night when all other decent antelopes have gone to bed.



THE RIPON FALLS.

North of this great forest is Bulondaganyi, the portion of the province which is under

Sira Mulondo,* a fine Christian chief, who, with his *musigire* or steward, may be seen teaching his people day by day in the church which he has built near his enclosure.

Three days' march north of his place, and we come to the borders of Bunyoro, but of that more in another chapter.

At Ngogwe, or as it used to be called by the caravan men Kiwologoma, we take a steep turning to the left off the main road, and after a breathless climb find ourselves in the well-kept garden of our mission-house. Let us pause on the verandah to take breath after our scramble up the hill. What a view! Beneath us is a well-wooded valley, a good deal of it under cultivation, but the rest covered with graceful palms, which hide from us a huge swampy river, the Sezibwa, which winds its sluggish way through immense papyrus reeds, such as they made into paper in ancient Egypt. It at last finds its way, scores of miles away, into the Nile.

Facing us in the valley is the *mbuga* or enclosure of the Sekibobo, built by Nikodemo (Nicodemus) Sebwato, the late Sekibobo, who died in March, 1895, and left a sad blank in the whole Buganda Church. The Mission station was first built at the foot of Ziba Hill, about two and a half miles further on the Mengo road, and the Sekibobo moved his capital from Mukono, a place about twenty miles away, to Ngogwe, that he might be nearer the church and the missionary.

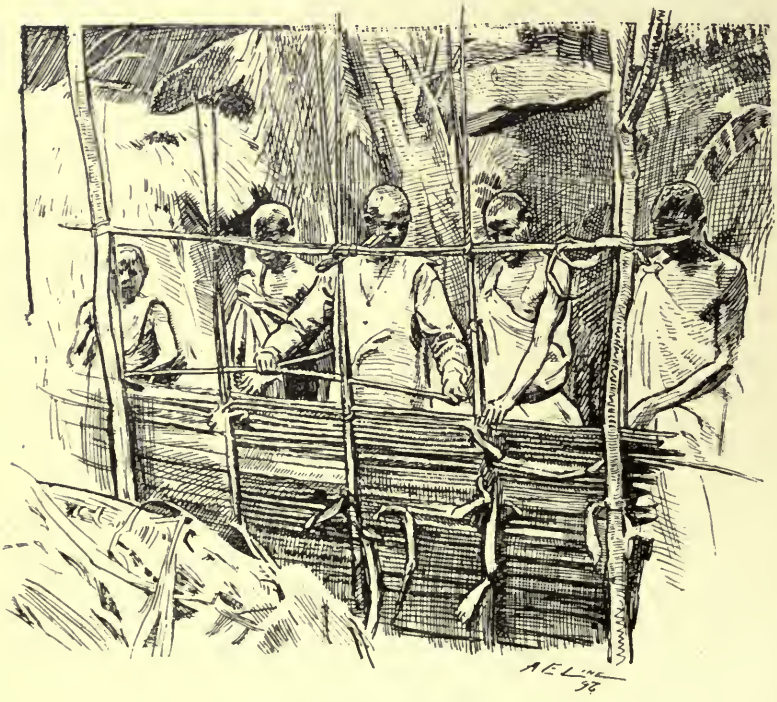
This was not such a serious matter as it sounds, for the chief's *mbuga* merely consists of a large space of ground cleared of vegetation, neatly fenced round with a tall reed fence, and having one chief entrance. The inside of the *kisakati* or fence is divided up into a number of little squares, each leading out of the other, and many of them containing one of the beehive-shaped houses. The bigger the chief, the more of these divisions he has, and the more houses in them. These narrow entrances in the tall fences were most likely made to guard against thieves, who would find it difficult to thread their way through such a labyrinth. When the chief dies, they take out the central pole (called *segwagi*) of his house and burn it, and also generally burn down the entire house.

But now, having got a bird's-eye view from the verandah, let us go

* Unfortunately killed, February, 1897, by the explosion of his gun when elephant shooting in Busoga.

and see the church. This, like the houses, is only built of palm poles, reeds, grass, and thatch. They put the poles into the ground first and then put long beams of closely-bound reeds called *bizizi* on the tops of the poles in places already cut for them. Then they put on the roof of reeds, then the thatch, then build the reed walls, and lastly cut the windows and doorways in the walls. This way of "building from the top" sounds very curious to our English ears, but these people do it very skilfully, and are not fond of learning new fashions of building. This church will seat fully 1,000 persons, for, as they sit on the floor, they do not take up much room.

Hard by is another little building, the tomb of good Nikodemo Sebwato, the late Sekibobo. He was ordained as a clergyman, but still held his powerful chieftainship, and had a great and godly influence amongst his people. As Yonasani Kaidzi said when preaching the funeral sermon, "God lent us an axe, and it had done its work, and now He has asked for it back again." "Alas! for it was borrowed," our hearts add. Let us call on his widow, Julia, who has a little house not far from her husband's grave. She welcomes us with gentle and refined manners, and is always glad to pull out her



MAKING A DOOR.

"BUILDING FROM THE TOP."

New Testament and ask for an explanation of her latest difficulty. I wonder what we should think if some lady were to do this in a London drawing room? But they are "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ" out here. They have seen its power to change savage men into saints and abodes of cruelty into houses of prayer and praise, and therefore they love to speak of it one with another.

But now come up the hill. We must certainly call on the Rev. Yonasani Kaidzi and his good wife Ketula. His beaming face soon tells of the light within his heart. "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." He is a very clever preacher, but not merely clever. His face glows and his heart burns whenever he preaches. He was one of the first six Baganda ordained as clergymen by Bishop Tucker during his second visit to Buganda in 1893, and was ordained priest by him in 1896.

THE LATE REV. NIKODEMO SEBWATO AND HIS WIFE JULIA.

Away to our left (S.) we can see the gleaming waters of the Lake close to the *mbuga* of Kikwata, commander of a large number of canoes. All along the northern shore of the Lake live a rough, drinking set of fishermen and canoe paddlers. Their country is called Bukunja and faces the Buvuma Islands. It forms part of the big province of Kyagwe. The Gospel has not made great way amongst these wild fellows yet, but up and down the province are scattered some sixty or more teachers. They usually go out two and two and settle down on a garden (*i.e.*, a plantain plantation), build a little church, and teach the people to read the Gospels.

But where do we get all our teachers from? you may ask. Well, they

are all volunteer workers, and only get enough pay to buy a cotton cloth suit of clothes. A suit of clothes is made up of a very baggy pair of knickerbockers and a kind of cloak, called a *suka*, thrown over one shoulder and under the other, and fastened with a huge knot on the right shoulder. They go out teaching for six months after being carefully examined and receiving a letter from the Church Council at Mengo, what we should call a "lay-reader's licence" at home, though these are also given by the Bishop to specially picked men from among the ordinary teachers. All the church collections are supposed to be sent into Mengo, and are put into one big fund, out of which all teachers sent from Mengo are paid. Thus a rich province ("rich in grace" and therefore rich in their gifts) is able to help a poor one like Koki or Singo. All this money (in cowrie shells) is the Christians' own gift, and all the 700 teachers who are out in the country are paid by the Native Christians themselves, and not from England. Nor do the church buildings cost the C.M.S. anything either.

The work in Kyagwe has "brought forth much fruit," though much needs yet to be done to conquer Satan's power there. Pray for this province, for we are looking to the Kyagwe Christians to help on the work in Busoga and in still darker Bunyoro, and they are already doing so, some even having volunteered to take the Gospel to the fierce Bakedi, whose country lies north of Busoga.

We are constantly trying to teach them that they "are the salt of the earth" who are to be used of God to purify the neighbouring peoples.

THE REVS. HENRY WRIGHT DUTA AND YONASANI KAIDZI.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "London" of Buganda—The Government road—Hard on short legs—Namirembe Hill—St. Paul's Cathedral—Hannington's grave—The missionaries' houses—A hospital—"*Kalinabiri*"—A cup of tea—A city of thirteen hills—Rubaga—The Rubaga drums—The messages of the drum—Natete—Red roads—Memorials of Mackay—Lugaia—"The Father of the King"—An estate of graveyards—Mengo Hill—The king's enclosure—Kampala—Nakasero—Nsambya—Lusaka—The Namasole—Kasubi—The Lubuga—Mtesa's tomb—Lubya—A *butaka*—The chiefs' "town houses"—*Muziro*—"Shining as lights in a dark place."

THE LADIES' LAST CAMP (1895) BEFORE REACHING MENGO.

THE ROAD TO MENGO.

MENGO.

OUR journey through Kyagwe from east to west has brought us within a few hours' march of the "London" of Buganda—Mengo. Soon after leaving the borders of Kyagwe we strike the broad Government road to Kampala, like a broad red line ruled straight across the country over hill and dale, which are all equally steep or deep and equally tiring to climb. Short legs fare hard on this last piece of road into the capital. Here we are at length, however, toiling up Namirembe, the last big hill, perhaps the biggest of any, crowned with our huge cathedral church of St. Paul, which will seat nearly 4,000 persons inside. It is something like an enormous hamper set the wrong way up and thatched, for this huge building is only made of reeds and grass with poles for supports and grass thatch for the roof. At one end outside is a quaint bell-tower something like a giant beehive starting out for a walk on stilts. It contains a real English church bell, the gift of friends of Archdeacon Walker. Under the shadow of the bell-tower are three graves of Englishmen. This one to the right is the

last resting-place, till Jesus comes for His own, of the remains of Bishop Hannington.

As we round the shoulder of the hill and enter the tall reed fence on our right we come upon a kind of lane with the missionaries' houses on either side. First we come upon the doctor's house, and hard by the little reed house which has in turn done duty for a smithy, a store, a dining-room, and now a dispensary, with its daily crowds of sick folk, nearly eighty patients sometimes coming on a single day. The doctor and the two lady missionaries (both trained nurses) who help get little rest before the evening comes, and even then are likely to be called out to visit some sick person at a distance. Higher up the hill the walls, or rather the roof (for that comes first in house-building in Buganda), of a hospital is slowly rising. Then we come upon another missionaries' house on the left, next an important-looking white house built of clay and strong poles instead of the usual frail reeds. Here live two of the lady missionaries. The house goes by the name of "*Kalinabiri*," as it has two storeys and stairs! a most unusual thing in Buganda. Come a little farther and we will pause at this house below us on the left of the path, for there is nearly always a cup of tea going here whatever the time of day, and we should like a cup of tea after our long walk.

THE "BEEHIVE ON STILTS." (*See p.* 55.)

Whilst you are enjoying

your tea let me tell you a little of the wonders of Mengo. If Rome was "the city of seven hills," Mengo quite outshines it, for it has at least thirteen hills, each one of which has its special importance. Of course to *us* this hill of Namirembe (which means "peace") is the most interesting. At the top, near the great church, is another row, far apart, of missionaries' houses. Away to the south-west is another hill crowned with a big church. That is Rubaga—once the king's capital, but now the centre of the French Roman Catholic Mission in that part of the country.

VIEW OF NAMIREMBE WITH CHURCH ON SUMMIT.

The French lay-brothers, who are always sent with the priests to do their building, tailoring, shoe-making, cooking, and even cigar-making from the native tobacco—in fact, all the dirty work—are busy building a fine brick house inside their strong brick-built enclosure. The building is something like a cross in shape. The front part is going to be the Bishop's house, and the long building which stretches out behind it is to form the priests' quarters. In their well-built brick houses they manage to make themselves much more comfortable than we do in our reed ones; nor do I blame them for doing so, for most of them will never see Europe again, as they seldom, if ever, go back on furlough.

At six a.m., twelve mid-day, and six p.m. their three enormous drums boom out from the hilltop and tell us all the correct time, as the mid-day drum is timed by a sun-dial. This is a land of drums. Everything seems to be done to the beat of a drum, whether a call to war, to church, to dinner, to march, or to get up in the morning. All are set to the drum-beat. Every big-chief has his own peculiar drum-beat, and these the Natives can distinguish as easily as an English soldier does the bugle calls.

But now look across the valley from Rubaga to the south-west again and you see *Natete*, another hill. Here our first C.M.S. station was in the stormy times when Pearson, Mackay, and Gordon in turn kept a lonely and anxious watch for the dawn of peace and safety. There are still to be seen here the ruins of Mackay's brick house and of the deep well which he dug, but that brave soul has better monuments to his memory than ruined walls. He lives in the love and grateful memory of scores of men to-day in Buganda who owe him their souls, under God. And his splendid translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew is better than any fine tombstone as a memorial of the man who "held the fort" when all seemed lost.

Natete is the place where the Mohammedan chiefs are now settled *at last*, for they have been a very troublesome crew in the past. But we must not linger even on a spot so full of memories as Natete. You will notice that broad red roads neatly fenced on either side connect one big hill with another, and inside the fences endless plantain gardens surrounding the houses of the big chiefs.

To the north of Natete lies Lugala, the Mugema's place. Mugema is one of the biggest chiefs in the land—at least, in point of wealth. He is called the "father of the king," because, when long ago one of the kings of Buganda fled to Bunyoro, he was brought back in safety by Mugema. From that time Mugema became guardian of the kings' tombs, of which there are about thirty on as many different hills. On the death of a king he is buried on the hill on which his *kisakati* is built, and this hill henceforth becomes part of the Mugema's country. If the old custom is kept up on the death of Mwanga, the present king, he will be buried on Mengo Hill, his present capital, and Mugema will "eat," as they say here, *i.e.*, inherit, that hill and guard the king's tomb.

But let us climb Mengo Hill as it is at present. It is crowned with a huge fence of a different pattern from those of the big chiefs, and contains the king's gardens and houses. One part within is reserved for the ladies of the court, many of whom are Christians or readers of the Gospel. This part is called the Lubiri. Only God knows what awful scenes of unspeakable sin and cruelty have stained this hilltop. Few places on earth have witnessed more awful scenes, and yet now, almost every day, is borne into that very enclosure the wonderful message that cheered Dudley Cotter's dying moments at Frere Town : "The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth us from *all* sin."

Facing the entrance to the king's enclosure is that of Apolo Kagwe, the *Katikiro*, the Prime Minister, Lord Chief Justice, and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces all in one. He is a brave, clever, and earnest Christian man, and nearly lost his life at the king's own hands once for confessing himself a Christian. Passing out of the royal enclosure, let us turn down the hill to the right, cross the valley, and mount the opposite hill of Kampala. This hill is the headquarters of the English Government for the Mengo District, though the Commissioner lives eighteen miles away at Ntebe, on the shores of the Lake, and does most of his business there. Kampala Hill was given by the king in 1890 to Captain Lugard, of the Imperial British East Africa Company, and on it he built a fort, which has only lately, in these more peaceful times, been dismantled, and is now the post office, the court-house, and Government offices. An English judge holds a court here every Wednesday to hear any cases that come under English law, such as slavery, violence, murder, &c.

We passed on our way into the capital over a tall hill called *Nakasero*, which is parted from Kampala by a deep valley. The lower slopes of the hill are laid out in tiny streets, and here are the rather tight quarters, as we should think them, of the Nubian solders, most of whom served under Emin Pasha in the Soudan, and were brought down from Kavalli by Captain Lugard into Buganda in 1891, since when they have done some useful fighting against rebel tribes under the command of English officers. They attempted a mutiny under Selim Bey, which only failed through the rare pluck and skill of Captain Macdonald, R.E., who was then (June, 1893) in command at Kampala. Nearly all the Europeans in Mengo not

connected with the Missions now live on Nakasero, as it is high and healthy, so that it will grow more important as time goes on. Another shoulder of this hill is crowned with the magazine and fort under an English officer.

Nsambya Hill is the headquarters of the English Roman Catholic Mission under Bishop Hanlon, who brought out a party of priests in 1895.

A fairly long walk brings us to *Lusaka*, the hill of the Namasole, or Queen-Mother, one of the three persons in the kingdom who has the title of *Kabaka*, or king; the king, Mwanga, and the *Lubuga*, or Queen-Sister, being the other two. *Namasole* was, in the old days, a person of great importance, though hardly so now, except in rank. She is either the king's own mother or an aunt, or some other near female relative.

Near her hill is another interesting one, *Kasubi*. It is crowned with the tomb of Mtesa, the father of the present king. It is an enormous round house, beautifully kept inside by the court ladies of the late king, Mtesa. Part of the building inside is curtained off by a curtain of cotton cloth of huge squares of different coloured cloths, looking like a great chess-board. In front of the grave is a light fence or railing of beautifully made iron and copper spears. When Mtesa died in 1884 Mackay designed and made the enormous metal coffin in which they buried him. Not far from the tomb lives the ex-Lubuga, or Mtesa's Queen-Sister, a Christian lady amongst whose

A MISSIONARY'S HOUSE.

THE EXTERIOR OF MTESA'S TOMB. (*From a Sketch by Bishop Tucker.*)

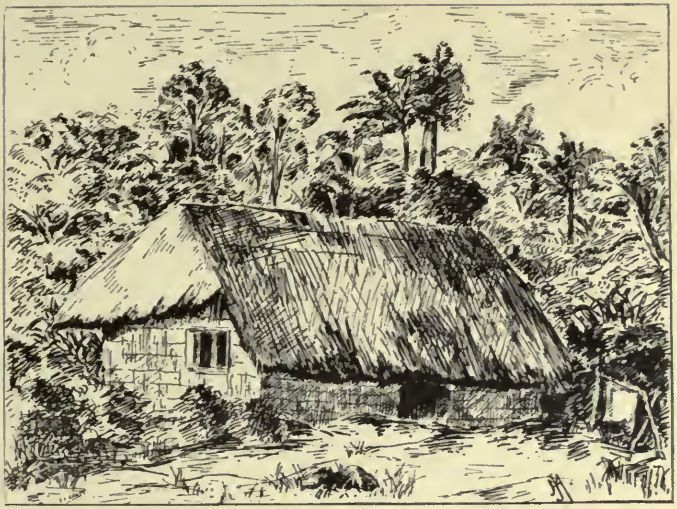
ladies-in-waiting are some of our best women teachers. You notice that her shoes are bound with leopard-skin straps. Only members of the royal family are supposed to wear leopard fur.

One more hill we must visit before you grow too tired, *Lubya*. This hill is what is called a *butaka*, which means that it is held direct from the king by a man whose ancestors are buried there, and it cannot pass out of his family. The chief who holds it is descended from the man who was chief of this country long, long ago when Buganda was a part of the Kingdom of Bunyoro. Each chief has a right to have "a town house" in the capital, and all the bigger chiefs have their houses and gardens in Mengo and spend most of their time there, leaving their country places to be managed by their *musigire*, or steward.

Look around at these other hills, each crowned with a little church. Pray that each one may be a true lighthouse of God in the sea of drunkenness and sin which surges all round.

CHAPTER VIII.

MUNYONYO—Bulinguge—Canoes—A comfortable seat—Under weigh—Boating songs—Three groups of islands—Island chiefs—"Taking care of the king" at Kazi—A stronghold of heathen worship—Bukasa—The execution rocks—The Mission-house on Bukasa—A magnificent view—Danieli Kaganda—They must have a book—The Roman Catholic Mission on Bugala—Faithful women—Persecution—Teachers—Reality—Fishermen and fishing—*Nkeje*—Queer tribute-money—*Mwanyi*—No wild beasts ashore—Hippos—Crocodiles—Otters, &c.—Monkeys—Water birds—The hornbill—Canoes to Usukuma—Food for the voyage—Two bugbears—Languages on the islands—"The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."



WHERE "THE MAN WITH THE SPECTACLES" LIVES—MISSION-HOUSE AT BUKASA.

THE SESE AND OTHER ISLANDS.

NOW let us take ship to the islands. An eight-mile walk from Mengo brings us to Munyonyo, whence most canoes start for the islands. A low, rocky shore faces the island of Bulinguge, where Mwanga took refuge in the civil war of 1892. Here are the canoes drawn up on the beach. They are curious-looking craft to our English eyes. About nine times as long as it is broad, the Nyanza canoe is formed of a shaped and hollowed log, curving upwards at either end, above which are sewn (for they have no nails here) two long planks, one on either side. Then come the seats, which are formed with a knob at each end, over which knob is fitted another long plank, also sewn on with a species of palm fibre. The knobs of the seats thus serve to lock the sides of the canoe together—very needful too, as they have no timbers nor ribs inside as our English boats have. They leak frightfully at every seam, one man's sole duty being to bale out the water with a wooden bowl called a *lutiba*. In front of the canoe is fastened a big

prow of wood, called *nsanda*, which is high enough above the rest of the canoe for the steersman in the stern to see it above the heads of the other paddlers, and so to steer by it. In the larger canoes the *nsanda* is generally decorated with a pair of antelope horns or a bunch of red feathers made from parrots' tails, below which is sometimes a handsome kind of collar of beadwork. Some of these canoes are very large, being able to carry 100 men and needing thirty or forty paddlers to get them along. All canoes are stained red with a kind of paint made by crushing a red stone, and a fleet of them on a sunny day is a really fine sight. The paddles are short, perhaps three feet long, and have a pear-shaped blade.

But let us get on board. We have arranged a fairly comfortable seat, first by bridging over the gutter full of water, which is always found at the bottom of these canoes, by means of branches of bushes; then we put a

CANOES ON THE BEACH.

plentiful supply of fine grass on our bridge, over this our pillow in a waterproof bag, and behind us our big bag of bedding. Try it ; a most comfortable seat, believe me. Now, isn't it cosy ? And just as well it is so, for we must sit in one position for many hours.

With much shouting the men shove off from the shore, take their places on the seats, and begin to ply their little paddles with a will. Nothing can be done quietly in Africa (unless it be sleeping), and so our crew strike up a boating song (?). One man leads, "making up" the verse as he goes along, and all the rest join in a long wail of four or five notes by way of a chorus. They always speak of this as "singing," so please don't hurt their feelings by calling it by any ugly name such as "howling." But as their voices are very unmusical and they sing through their noses, we do *not* enjoy a whole day of this kind of concert!

However, as we are gliding over the water, startling a lazy hippo here, or a still lazier crocodile there, let me tell you something of these lovely islands.

Roughly speaking, there are three groups of islands with which we have to do—the Buvuma group, which we have already visited, the Kome group, which takes in Kome, Damba, Nsazi, and Bulago, and the Sese group, which includes twenty-five islands, on all of which there are readers of the Gospels. The surface of this great Lake (about the size of Scotland) seems dotted in all directions with islands, richly wooded to the water's edge in most cases.

Some of the chiefs govern several islands, but have their *mbuga* on one only, generally the largest. The greater number of the chiefs have to be in constant attendance upon the king's orders at Kazi, near Mengo, close to Munyonyo, where we started from on our voyage. Here they are obliged to dawdle away their time in case the king should want to go for a paddle on the Lake, when he is attended by all the island chiefs, which want, however, only arises about once in three or four months. Thus these island chiefs spend but little of their time on their own islands, save for a short holiday every few months, or by special leave of absence from Kazi.

Consequently their fences are as often as not in ruins, and their places wear a very neglected air. The islands have always been a stronghold of the old heathen worship, most likely because nearly all the spirits which

the Baganda most commonly worshipped were Lake spirits—one, perhaps the greatest, being Mukasa, a kind of Neptune or sea-god ; another, called Lukwata, supposed to be a great sea-serpent.

But we are nearing Bukasa, a long, narrow island, perhaps twelve or thirteen miles long and nowhere much more than a mile wide. We pass a point with steep rocks (a grand bathing place, boys !), from which in days not long gone by any one who displeased Kaganda the chief (father of the present Kaganda) was liable to be thrown bound hand and foot. Awful scenes of bloodshed and cruelty have taken place on this island well within the memory of men living here still. Stories that make one shudder—of lips, noses, or ears cut off on the smallest excuse, and other deeds too horrible to stain these pages with, can be heard any day from the lips of the older men here who were eye-witnesses of such deeds of darkness. This island, too, was the scene of a very bloody battle in one of the civil wars, and the bleached bones and skulls across which one stumbles in the jungle near the Lake side tell a grim story of hard fighting in hard places. But nowadays Bukasa is interesting as our only station for a European missionary amongst the islands, and from here, as a centre, he superintends his watery parish, consisting of nearly fifty different congregations, scattered on thirty different islands. The Mission-house at Bukasa is built on a hill some 200 feet above the Lake, in the bend of a lovely crescent-shaped bay, and the views from our verandah (for the man with the spectacles is

VIEW FROM THE ISLAND OF BUKASA.

living here at present) are magnificent. Eight or nine other islands are within easy sight.

Danieli Kaganda, the chief of this island, a fine, tall, powerful man, is an earnest Christian. He was formerly a Roman Catholic, but became a Protestant, finding more of "the comfort of the Scriptures" amongst us than with the Papists, where they are forbidden to read the Bible by themselves. Nevertheless, when Mackay had translated St. Matthew's Gospel into Luganda, and the people began eagerly to learn to read it, the Papists were forced to publish a Gospel of St. Matthew too, lest their people should leave them to join the "people of the Book," *i.e.*, the Protestants.

The Roman Catholics have two European missionaries on the big island of Bugala, and though we have now six teachers scattered on that island, and about twelve baptized Christians, yet sad stories of persecution constantly reach us. The women are specially faithful, and many of them suffer cruel beatings and ill-treatment from their heathen or Papist relatives because they will not consent to give up reading the Gospels, or because they ask for baptism from us. God knows all these quiet sufferers, and they will not be forgotten of Him.

On all the other islands our teachers are planted—mostly Basesse—Natives of these islands, simple, earnest men, for the most part, who are content to work for one quarter of the pay given to Baganda teachers. There is enough persecution going on to prevent people from lightly undertaking to be baptized. Nevertheless, from September, 1895, to September, 1896, 400 persons were baptized on the islands. The men are nearly all fishermen—strong, simple, and kindly fellows, as fishermen seem to be all the world over. They go out at night with grass torches, and from their canoes spear the *malé*, a big, flat-headed fish something like a cod; or they set fish-traps like our lobster-pots at home. Others will spend hour after hour in their canoes catching with rod and line the fish called *nkeje*. These they string on grass in rows all fastened together, and dry them in the sun. They like them, and so do the Baganda, but it takes an Englishman some time to learn to eat rotten fish with relish. These square mats of *nkeje*, as one may almost call them, when all strung are taken in hundreds to Buganda, and form part of the tribute which has to be sent to the king every few months. Other articles of tribute are coffee berries, wooden

CROWDS OF CHATTERING MONKEYS.

stools, goats, and cowries. They boil the coffee berries in their husks and eat them thus. They do not at all understand our way of roasting, brewing, and drinking coffee, and have quite a different name for coffee prepared in our fashion. The coffee berries for eating are called *mwanyi*, and are generally handed round when one calls on a chief, only it needs African teeth to eat them, for they are terribly hard. The other item of tribute which is peculiar to the islands consists of a number of wooden stools carved out of a single log, with four curved legs and a mushroom-shaped top and bottom.

There are no wild beasts on the islands such as you find in some parts of Buganda, that is, no lions, leopards, elephants, or zebras. But there are any number of hippopotami, crocodiles, otters, and giant lizards in the Lake, and crowds of chattering monkeys and cheerful parrots in the trees, as well as wild geese and ducks, and the ridiculous hornbills, such as you may have seen at the Zoo. They remind one of a beginner at swimming or skating. They make a tremendous fuss and noise in starting to fly, and then seem wildly unhappy until they

A HORNBILL.

reach the next tree. Their enormous beak seems to bother them, and I should think that they see nothing else in the world besides their own beak, it is so huge. There is a constant through traffic of canoes between the Sese Islands and Usukuma, the country at the south end of the Lake. As the paddlers cannot buy food on their voyage of two or even three weeks, they split unripe plantains and dry them in the sun. These they take with them in great bundles, and when they want a meal bruise them between stones and so make a coarse flour, and of this they make a kind of porridge.

HUTS AND MISSION-TENTS ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS.

These paddlers are not wanting in pluck, but of two things they have a great dread: a stiff breeze, for their canoes are fearfully unseaworthy; and a hippo, against whom the canoe may knock just as he is enjoying an afternoon nap, hidden under the water, whereupon he awakes, and, opening his awful-looking mouth, will bite a piece out of the canoe, and from your leg, too, if it happens to be there at the time, or they will upset the canoe and crew into the water. This once happened when Messrs. Gordon and Walker were driven from Buganda in their sailing-boat, and they lost nearly everything that they had, except their lives, which they managed to save by swimming to shore. There are several dialects spoken on the islands, though they almost all understand Luganda. The light of God is breaking over these once dark islands, and, as of old, simple fishermen are turning to follow Jesus of Nazareth as their Saviour and Friend. "And darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." (Gen. i. 2, 3.)

CHAPTER IX.

BULEMEZI—Kangao's country—Roman Catholics busy—Only two!—Zebra and antelope—Singo—Mukwenda's land—Swamps *ad lib.*—Mityana—Lake Wamala—Kinakulya—Kasaka—Bunyoro—Kabarega—A fugitive king—Semei Kakungulu—"A thorn in his pillow"—The dress and houses of the Banyoro—Toro—Baganda missionaries—Daudi Kasagama, King of Toro—The Namasole—The hospital—"The Mountains of the Moon"—The Salt Lake—A self-supporting Church—The chain across Africa—The vision of Krapf—A strange people—Budu—The Papists' stronghold—Scattered sheep—Koki—Kamswaga—A big "Thank you"—Brighter days—A famine—Kiziba—The blacksmiths' country.

A FERRY IN KOKI.

A BETTER-CLASS NATIVE HOUSE.

SINGO, BULEMEZI, BUNYORO, TORO, AND KOKI.

WE must not leave unvisited the other great provinces of Buganda, though the Gospel has not spread so far nor so fast as in some of the places to which we have already been. But all the more, therefore, do they need our prayers. First, we will visit Bulemezi, a large district lying to the north of Mengo. The big chief who rules over the greater part of this province is called Kangao.

The Roman Catholics are particularly busy in this province. We have at present only two European missionaries in this great district, and "what are they among so many?" There is a good deal of hilly country in Bulemezi, and also huge plains which swarm with zebras and antelopes. We will now march in a south-westerly direction, and soon enter upon that land of swamps, the province of Singo. The overlord of most of this province is Mukwenda, and four lesser chiefs, Kayima, Kasuju, Kitunzi, Katambala, divide the rest between them. Swampy rivers cross the country in almost every direction that you may want to go, and marching here is wet and difficult work. Our principal Mission station in Singo is at Mityana, where the Mission-house crowns a hill from which you

catch a view of a good-sized lake called Wamala, and the island of Bagwe and others, on all of which there are readers. The work is difficult in Singo for many reasons, but the Gospel is steadily spreading there. We have two other stations there, Kinakulya, and Kasaka in the district of Kitunzi, a most difficult place to work owing to the bitter opposition of the old heathen chief there. Twice the house of the English missionary has been burned down, but, nevertheless, the work has gone forward well.

Some of the teachers from Singo have journeyed right into Bunyoro, and have found people eager to read there. Bunyoro is a large country stretching right along the northern boundary of Buganda, and until lately was an independent kingdom under its own king, Kabarega. Though several wars have been made against the Banyoro, they have never been thoroughly conquered, for their king has never yet been captured, and as long as he is amongst them, even though in hiding, they will consider themselves a separate nation. Bunyoro extends eastwards as far as the Nile, and a large slice of it has been given to Semei Kakungulu, a great Muganda chief, as a reward for his splendid military services, for he is known as one of the bravest and most successful generals in Buganda, though not himself a true Muganda, for he came from Koki, a small kingdom in the western part of Mwanga's dominions. Kakungulu has built his *mbuga* not far from the Victoria Nile, and also a fine mud church. He is anxious to make known the Gospel amongst the Banyoro over whom he rules.

SEMEI KAKUNGULU WITH HIS WIFE AND HER FRIEND.

These people are a tall, slender race, and dress in goat-skins with all the hair shaved off, except a narrow border of about an inch,

left as a kind of trimming. They are very clever with their fingers and carve wooden milk-jars and oval dishes standing on six legs, which rest on a flat wooden base, the whole carved out of a single block of wood. They are very skilful, too, at string and bead work. Their houses are differently arranged inside from those of the Baganda, being divided into a narrow passage and three or four rooms. They are a brave people in war, and seem to have held their own against their very fierce neighbours, the Bakedi, as well as against the Baganda. It is only since the Government troops under English officers have gone against them that their power has been at all broken.

But now we must leave this hopeful, but as yet untilled, corner of our "fruitful field," and journey westwards through endless swamps to Toro, where we find the same race of people as the Banyoro, but under another king. Toro is another subject kingdom of Mwanga, but with its own king, Kasagama, and many of the same titles as are used in Mwanga's court, *e.g.*, Namasole, the Queen-Mother, &c. Only quite lately have any European missionaries gone there; but long before they came Baganda teachers had gone there and taught the people the Gospel story. There are now two European missionaries living at Kasagama's capital, which he has renamed Bethlehem (Betelyemu) since his own baptism by the name of David.

There is a most hopeful work going on there now, and lately the Toro Church agreed that they would support all teachers sent to them from Mengo. Our missionaries are building a kind of hospital, and so hope to heal the bodies as well as the souls of the people. Toro reaches right away to the great Ruwenzori Mountains discovered by Stanley in his last expedition. They are most likely "The Mountains of the Moon" mentioned by Herodotus. ("Forgive me if I am growing too learned," apologizes the spectacled one.) They rise to a height of over 16,000 feet, and the highest peaks are crowned with glittering snow all the year round. The Batoro have not plantains for food, as the Basoga and the Baganda have, so they live on *bul*, a small hard grain, and on beans. There is a curious hill tribe at a place called Nagwaki, at a height of 10,000 feet. These highlanders are a hardy race with very big heads, and live in small houses not more than four feet high. We have two teachers up there, and eight

A GROUP FROM TORO.

[The two native clergymen standing at the back of the picture are the Revs. Samwili Mukasa, and Zakari Kizito (Kangao) with his wife sitting in front. The King Kasagama Daudi sits in a chair on the right. The gentleman sitting at the left of the picture is Yafeti Bakeveyamha, chief of Mwengi.]

people reading the Gospels. The men do the cultivation, and the women are freer to read.

In Toro there are ten out-stations, sixty-one baptized persons, and fifty others reading the Gospels, and the Christian women go out of their own accord to teach their heathen neighbours. There is one station which is not more than two and a half hours' march from the Congo Free State, and only a few days' march from the most easterly of the Congo Mission stations, so that Krapf's vision of faith of a chain of Missions right across Africa has practically been fulfilled.

Turning back again towards Mengo, only rather further south than our former road through Singo, we come upon another important province, Budu, the overlord of which is called Pokino. Our old friend Nikodemo Sebwato was formerly Pokino. In his days we had at one time two missionaries living at Masaka, Pokino's capital. But after Nikodemo left, and most of his people with him, to settle in Kyagwe, the Roman Catholics poured into Budu, and it is now one of their strongest Missions. We have a few scattered bands of readers sorely needing a European missionary to visit and encourage them; but where is he to be found? "Scattered as sheep not having a shepherd," do they not move our Lord

Jesus to compassion as of old? "Pray *ye* therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth *labourers* into His harvest."

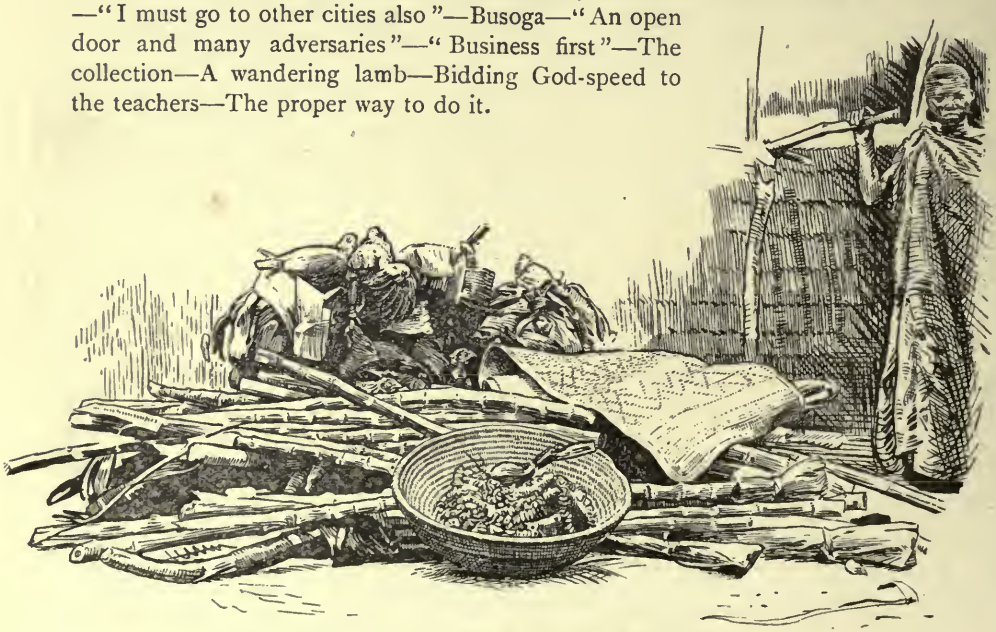
Now we must visit Koki, a little kingdom under its own king, Kamswaga, but also in the Kingdom of Buganda. For some years the people of Koki have been asking for a missionary of their own, but not until 1895 was somebody found to go. Mr. R. H. Leakey (to whom we owe a big "Thank you" for the many photos which brighten this book) volunteered to open work at Kamswaga's capital. It was uphill work. The king and his wives were all too fond of strong drink. But in April, 1896, Mr. Roscoe went down there and held special meetings for three or four days, when the Holy Spirit did a blessed work amongst the people. The drunken king himself seemed really moved, almost gave up his strong drink, began to read and encourage his wives to do the same. The little princes, his sons, were soon amongst the regular readers, and all looked most hopeful. But towards the end of the year (1896) an awful famine began, and the people were driven to eat roots and anything that was not poisonous, and Mr. Leakey had to leave for a time and go to Mengo.

One more trip I want to take you, and that is to Kiziba, the blacksmiths' country. There is plenty of iron ore in their country, and they are very clever in all metal work. Here, too, are a few scattered readers.

KAMSWAGA, KING OF KOKI.

CHAPTER X.

"THOSE boots of yours!"—Sunday at Mengo—Mwanga's chair—"Please bring your pew with you"—Precious books—Biscuit-tins—Seldom in a hurry—Inkpots—A novel pen-wiper—Bible-marking—Making a proper business of it—Island churches—"The swallow hath found a nest for herself"—No windows—Church music (?)—"A joyful noise"—Taking notes—A missionary meeting—Only about 2,000 present—Seven new teachers—Missionary addresses—Asa Nkangali's speech—"I must go to other cities also"—Busoga—"An open door and many adversaries"—"Business first"—The collection—A wandering lamb—Bidding God-speed to the teachers—The proper way to do it.



A COLLECTION AT A MISSIONARY MEETING AT MENGO.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH AT MENGO.

CHURCH SCENES.

"REALLY, Mr. Spectacles," some of my tired travellers are beginning to say, "your spectacles are all very well, but as for those clumsy boots of yours; well, when *may* we stop tramping about in them, with hot sun overhead and soaking swamps underfoot?" "This very moment," says the man with the spectacles, "you shall exchange them for a comfortable pair of shoes (your own, if you like), and, after a cup of tea and a biscuit, you shall rest as long as you wish. To-morrow morning we will stroll up Namirembe Hill (for we have flown back to Mengo on wings of fancy), and will polish up the spectacles ready for many curious sights. It is Sunday morning; the bell in "the beehive on stilts" is ringing for the service. The huge church is fast filling. The men sit on one side and the women on the other. Close by the reading-desk a handsome leopard-skin is spread upon the ground, and a big folding-chair is placed upon it. Presently in comes the king, Mwanga, and occupies the chair. He is not a Christian in any sense of the word. He does not profess to be one, though he sometimes comes to church on Sunday. On the whole, he is rather more honest than a good many people in England who do come to

church and "call themselves Christians," but who do not live very much better lives in some ways than poor Mwanga.

"Please bring your pew to church with you" would sound rather strange amongst the church notices at home, but you must do so here, unless you do not mind sitting and kneeling on the mud floor. Every one brings his own pew to church here; a mat or a goat-skin, or some of the chiefs and "the swells" bring a camp-stool or chair. Most of the people have a hymn-book and a New Testament; some also have a Prayer Book, but nearly everybody knows the service by memory, and has no need of a book. Many bring their books in cotton bags; others in old biscuit-tins begged from the missionaries. It is a great thing to obtain a biscuit-tin for your books, for then they are safe from the teeth of rats and white ants. Others, not so well-to-do, bandage their books in bark-cloth or cotton bandages, and these take a long time to unwind, not that that matters very much, as a Muganda is seldom in a hurry, unless there is something to eat not far off, when he moves quickly in that direction! A very large number bring inkpots and pens to church. The inkpots they often tie to one of the pillars or to the reed walls, and the pen finds a place behind the ear or in the woolly hair on the head, and even sometimes stuck in the beard until wanted for use. The woolly head makes the best pen-wiper many persons here seem to think!

"But whatever do they bring pens and ink to church for?" you ask. Well, you see, they like to mark all the texts quoted in the sermon, as they have no reference Bibles yet; they put references down in the margin of their books. They really enjoy coming to church, and make a proper business of it.

In the island churches the floor is strewn with fine grass, which makes it look cosier, and saves people bringing goat-skin pews to sit on. "The swallow hath found a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts" (Ps. lxxxiv. 3) is true in almost all our churches here, for there are no doors or glass windows to keep birds out. The service begins with a hymn. Of time and tune we cannot say much, for there is not much of either the one or the other.

However, we are told that the singing was worse in the old days, but it is difficult to believe that it was worse than it is now. We must not

be critical, however, for heartier or more earnest singing you could find in no English church. Here everybody sings, or "makes a joyful noise," and the Lord looks at the heart, not at the musical skill of those who worship Him.

These good people are very fond of taking notes on the sermon, and, as paper is not easy to get in these parts, you see some curious sights. A man will carefully pull out half a page of the *Illustrated London News* or of the *Graphic*, and will make notes all over the white margin which surrounds the picture. Another will have a little hoard of old envelopes which the missionary may have thrown away as waste paper.

But listen. Among the notices we hear that the monthly missionary meeting is to be held in the church next Friday. Mind you are there. "But how am I to understand what they will say? It will all be in Luganda," says some bewildered wearer of the spectacles. "Oh, that is quite a detail," says Mr. Spectacles. "I will lend you my ears as well as my spectacles and boots."

Friday has come. It is a wet morning, so only about 2,000 persons (!) are present at our missionary meeting to-day. No advertising has been done beyond the notice which you heard in church on Sunday. Facing the congregation sit six or seven teachers who are just going to teach for six months in other provinces, and will be supported by the Church Council at Mengo, who have a large fund for this purpose. We begin with a hymn, which is hearty, even if not melodious. Then we kneel in prayer. Now we will settle down to listen to the speakers.

First comes our senior missionary in the province of Singo. He tells us of a growing work at Mityana and in the district of Kitunzi, and speaks of the (1) preparation needed for missionaries; (2) need of more teachers in the two districts which he has mentioned; (3) difficulties owing to the hindrances by the great chief in that province, who is a Christian in name but not in his manner of life.* Up gets a second speaker, a native teacher called Asa Nkangali, who comes from the district of Bukoba. He tells us of the deep needs of his district, and also some good news. At his place over 600 persons meet for worship every Sunday, and over 200 every week-day.

* Since this was written this chief has been turned out, and another Christian chief has taken his place who helps forward the work.

There are ten churches in his district, with congregations of from sixty to 200 without any teacher at all. "Now, look here," he continues, earnestly, "this is your best reason for praying for this special corner of the work. Remember that Christ did not stop in Jerusalem, but went about the country. 'I must go to other cities also.' So must you all go, not only to preach in church, but each one of you in the garden in which you work."

Busoga is the next place pleaded for by an elderly man, who has left his chieftainship in Buganda to become a teacher. We listen eagerly to him, for we know something ourselves of Busoga now. He is speaking of the work at Miro's, and seems full of hope about it. "An open door and many adversaries" (1 Cor. xvi. 9), as St. Paul found at Ephesus long ago, seems to be the message that this good man brings us from Busoga to-day. But the difficulties are melting away. At first Miro would not listen, but is now quite friendly, outwardly at least. Thirty-six persons are reading every day, and Miro comes regularly to church now. "More labourers" is the cry from Busoga too.

Now one of our senior missionaries is on his feet, one who came out to Africa so long ago as 1884. "Business first," you know; so he begins with reading out the church accounts, and shows that we are 2,000 shells (about ten rupees) behindhand. However, this can be met from a fund which was raised by the sale of a horse

A COUNTRY CHURCH (WALULETA).

(a very rare and costly animal here, as there are only about six in the country), left to the church by the will of Nikodemo Sebwato, the late Sekibobo, some time ago. Then we listen to an earnest word of exhortation, and that is "business" too, remember.

Then comes the collection. Some big baskets are placed on the floor near the rails of the Communion Table, and the people come streaming up with their gifts, and in some of the country places, shells, live fowls (their feet are tied), eggs, &c., are tumbled higgledy-piggledy into the baskets. In Mengo, however, only shells are put into the baskets. At Ngogwe was seen a small boy breathlessly towing a big goat up the church, and at last tying it to a pillar near the collecting basket. The Katikiro to-day has sent a bullock to the collection, but happily for our peace of mind it is not going to be brought into the church. A sheep and a lamb were once put into the missionary collection at Ngogwe, and when the sheep had been tied to a pillar it was thought that the lamb would stay quietly by its mother. However, just as we were kneeling in prayer off went the lamb down the church on a pilgrimage of its own. Half way down the church it met a dog also exploring. The dog gave one sniff and then went for the lamb, and then began a kind of hunt in and out amongst the people. At last the lamb was rescued, the dog driven out, and peace restored.

But to come back to our big missionary meeting. Our speaker has more to say after the collection, and tells a happy story of blessing on the work during a recent tour amongst the churches in Bulemezi.

Then come a few parting words to and about the six new teachers who are starting forth to their new work from this meeting. This one is starting for far-off Toro; this next one is bound for Bunyoro; here is one with a shorter journey before him to Bulemezi; and the last three are off to Bukoba. Each one rises in his place as his name is read out.

A hymn and a prayer, and our happy meeting breaks up. What did you think of it? No clapping; no show; but real, quiet, solid business and plenty of prayer; for between every two addresses were blessedly sandwiched two prayers. If only we could have some more missionary meetings like this in England! Perhaps the Buganda Church will succeed in showing English Christians "the proper way to do it" some day.

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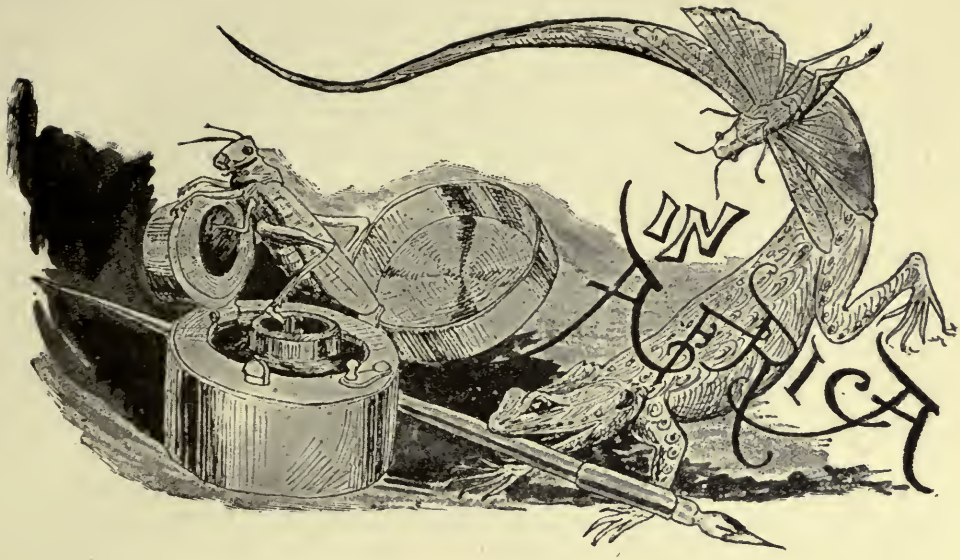
CHAPTER XI.

"A PEEP behind the scenes"—Furniture in Africa—Eating the bed from under you—No stairs to climb—No carpets to spoil—No windows to break—No doors to slam—Fire!—Saving your eyebrows—Servants—A very general education—Boys—Bayima—A huge beehive—A skeleton umbrella—Building a house—Growing skeletons—Playing with fire—Bedrooms—"Flitting"—Smoke—The kitchen—Food—Cooking—Paying a call—Salutations—"Good-bye"—The children of Buganda—Learning to read—"When they were eating a woman"—The mothers.

WORKING IN A GARDEN.



HOUSEHOLD SCENES.

LET us take "a peep behind the scenes" now, and learn how the people live in their own homes. But first let us look round our own house. It is built in the same way as we described the building of a church in Chapter VI.—roof first, walls next, windows and doorways last of all. We have not much furniture, you will notice. The table consists of four posts buried in the ground, with cross beams joining them at the top, the top of the table being made of old packing-cases nailed on. Camp chairs or stools, and a native bedstead made of thongs of cowhide laced tightly on a wooden frame on four legs. This is a very comfortable bed in its way, but as the rats like untanned hide, they are apt to come at night and gnaw at your bed just when you want to go to sleep, which is awkward. Such is our furniture, with the addition of a few rough shelves against the walls. We generally have three rooms in a house—a dining room in the middle and a bedroom and sitting room combined on either side of the dining room. We have no carpets to spoil, the floors being made of dried mud; no stairs to climb, as we build all houses of one storey only at present; no windows

to break, as there is no glass in the empty windows; no doors to slam, for the outer doorways are only closed at night, and we make curtains of bark-cloth, &c., for the inner doorways. Then we generally have a small room for a store room, and perhaps another for a pantry.

So much for the house, unless we add that the walls are of reeds plaited together with bark, and the inner space between the two screens of reeds filled in with dried grass, and the roofs thatched with coarse grass, so that when they catch fire they burn so fiercely that the only things that you are at all sure of saving are your eyebrows, even if they escape a scorching.

Our servants are of three kinds. (This sounds like a sentence out of some grammar, doesn't it?)

1. A woman who does our gardening and cooks the plantains which we call "*matoke.*" She has a house to live in on the garden, and generally manages to get more profit out of that garden than her master does.

ROOM USED BY BISHOP TUCKER WHEN AT MENGO.

A MISSIONARY MENDING HIS BOOTS.

2. For house servants we have small boys, and the ladies have small girls. We do not give them any regular wages, but clothe and feed them, and have a nice little house for them to sleep and eat in.

Each missionary usually has three or four boys; for being small and lazy, one cannot expect very much work from each one. One boy does the cooking—when you have taught him how to do it; for a missionary here has to know a little bit of everything—cooking, sewing, carpentering, gardening, shooting, fishing, darning socks, mending boots, surgery, dentistry, medicine, &c., &c. Another boy has the entire charge of one's private room, bedding, and clothes. It is well to choose a clean boy for this work (*if* you can find one!). Another boy waits at table, washes up after meals; and the fourth boy boils the kettle, fetches water from the well, sweeps out the rooms, and does "odd jobs." Some missionaries have many more than four boys; but the more boys above four that you have the less work is done, as a rule.

A MISSIONARY WITH HIS BOYS.

3. The third class of servants are the Bayima, or cowherds. They live

by themselves, and often at a distance. They look after one's cows. They are a slender, handsome race of men, quite a distinct people from the Baganda. Busagala or Ankori is their home, and lies to the south-west of Buganda. They are a nation of cowherds ; they love cows more than an Irishman loves pigs—dream of cows, sleep with their cows, spend all day with cows, and, if they think at all, most likely think in cows. It is said that Mwanga, the King of Buganda, is descended from this Bayima people. They are rather like the Banyoro in appearance, though not in language.

Now let us visit an ordinary Buganda house. It is very like a large beehive from the outside; there is one opening which does duty for door, window, and chimney. The house is built as follows :—Something like the skeleton of a huge umbrella made of reeds. Poles are placed under the umbrella frame, and it is hoisted up from the ground on these poles. More reeds are added all round, and it grows in size. More poles are brought, and the house mounts higher, hoisted on these poles. The frame is held together by rings made of reeds bound together, each circle being bigger than the one above it. These circular beams are called "*bizizi*," and are sewn on to the reeds inside. At length the skeleton has done growing—Africa is a wonderful country, for you see even skeletons grow here—and they heap on thatch of coarse grass, which reaches the ground all round, except where they leave an opening for the doorway. Above the doorway is thrown out a small porch called *kisasi*, which distinguishes a Buganda house from those of Busoga or Bunyoro, which are without the *kisasi*. A tiny wall of hard beaten clay runs round the front of the house to keep out the heavy rains ; for the Baganda, for some reason which is hard to understand, generally like to build at the bottom of a hill, and to make the doorway facing the hill, so that all the rain comes pouring down the hill into the house. They strew the floor of the house with fine dried grass, and at night recklessly carry about blazing torches, letting sparks fall on all sides amongst this grass, which burns like tinder. They seem surprised when the house catches fire and is reduced to ashes. To us the wonder is that any house is left standing for any length of time. Bark-cloth curtains are hung round the sides of the house, and the spaces behind serve as bedrooms ; for quite a crowd of people sleep in some houses.

Sometimes you may see a house being carried to another place, a neat way of "flitting" to a new neighbourhood. The thatch is taken off, the inside removed, the umbrella-like frame is slightly flattened and shouldered by about fifteen men, and away they go to a new site and set up the house in the usual fashion.

IN THE CATTLE QUARTERS.

The top of the house inside is generally glossy black, from the clouds of smoke that collect up there and slowly find their way out through the door or through the thatch, *and* into your eyes. Close by is another little house where the women boil the food. Almost all food, whether the unripe plantains called *matoke*, or *gonja* (a sweet plantain something like stewed pears in taste), or potatoes, or fish, or meat, is cooked in the same way, viz., tied up in scorched plantain leaves forming a kind of waterproof bag, which is called *luwombo*, and stewed in a big earthenware pot with lots of plantain leaves on the top and a very little water inside, with ribs of the plantain leaf to keep the *luwombo* from touching the bottom of the pot. We will have a chat about the different kinds of food in another chapter.

We will now pay our call at this house. There is no bell to ring, and no door at which to knock. Let us call out "*Banafe*" (Our friends!). A voice from the beehive replies, "*Ani oyo?*" (Who's there?). "*Fe*" (We).

"THEY DRESS AS THEY LIKE."

(Your name here) "*Nze Gundi*" (I, So-and-so). "*Muingire mu nju*" (Come into the house). (Enter guests.) "*Otyano?*" (How are you?). "*Aa, gwotya?*" (All well; how are you?). "*Agafayo wamwe?*" (How are things at your house?). "*Ekyali nungi*" (It is still well). "*Osuze otya?*" (How have you slept?). "*Nsuze bulungi*" (I have slept well). (This, if ours is a morning call.) When it is time to leave we say, "*Maze kukulaba ng'enze*" (I have finished call on you; I am going). (Host) "*Weraba*" (Good-bye; literally, See yourself). If some of the family are not at home when we call, we say on leaving, "*Onrundabira Gundi*" (See So-and-so for me, *i.e.*, Give him my compliments).

But now let us look at those most important people, the children. Alas! they are not considered very important by the Baganda. From the time that they can walk they seem to go where they like, dress as they like, which means that most of them do not dress at all, and eat what they like. We dare not inquire when they are washed. They feed themselves like little pigs; nobody troubles to tell them when they have had enough, so they are constantly making themselves ill by eating too much, and then come to the missionary complaining that they have *njoka*, a name which they give to every pain in their inside, and which is supposed to be a kind of big worm which journeys upwards inside them till he reaches their chest, causing them much pain on his journey. His English name is "Indigestion." The little boys are sent to look after the goats almost as soon as they can walk.

A BRIGHT GIRL.

There is something *very* sad about these

uncared for little ones. Please find a big place for them in your prayers. When a boy is about nine or ten years old he may begin to read for baptism (for unless he has Christian parents he will not have been baptized as a baby) as a grown-up person, and he is baptized perhaps at eleven years old; but up to the time they begin to learn reading it is hard to say whether they get any teaching at all, as you seldom see them at any of the Sunday services in the church. At some of the big centres like Mengo and Ngogwe they learn to read when they are quite tinies. It is very funny to see them learning; they do not read from an alphabet like ours, but from syllables, each beginning with a different letter. They can read straight forward, but if you dodge them up and down the page they are quite at sea. Moreover, they always point out the place where they are reading with a bit of grass, and if you take away their grass many of them cannot read a syllable until they have fetched another grass "pointer." They do not understand our stops, such as commas, semicolons, &c., yet; and even the grown-up persons when reading will run past even a full stop into the next sentence in a way that sounds very funny to us. For instance, a man came to one of the missionaries and read the passage, "As they were sitting and eating a woman, one came who had an alabaster box," &c.; and he asked, "Why were they eating a woman?" (I have put in the stops as *he* read them.)

These people have still to learn the meaning of that home life which has made Britain the first amongst nations; for it is the Bible and the mothers that have made England what she is to-day. Let us pray much for the mothers and homes of Buganda.

BAGANDA COMING UP TO MENGO FOR WORK.

WOMEN SELLING SWEET POTATOES AT THE SOUTH END OF THE LAKE.

CHAPTER XII.

On dress—*Lubugo*—Preparation of bark-cloth—Brown-paper parcels on feet—Ancient dress of the country—"What do they eat?"—Hippopotamus chops—Stewed grasshoppers—*Sami* cakes—Concerning ants—Anything from a beam to a book—An unwelcome invasion—A plantain garden—A wonderful tree—Root—Stem—*Enkolo*—*Kyai* rope—*Mitwalo*—Leaves—Fruit—*Mugong'onyo*—*Bikuta*—*Nkata*—The fruit—*Kikolokomba*—Sponges—*Matoke*—*Gonja*—*Mbide*—Two hundred varieties—"Cows"—The Balubare worship—A genealogy—An African Neptune—Bubembe—Building Mukasa's house—"*Lubare alide!*"—Priests—Nakangu—"Tell it out!"

HAVING taken a good look at places and things, let us now polish up the spectacles for a closer peep into the life of the Baganda.

First let us (boys as well as girls) notice their dress. Almost every one dresses in the beautiful bark-cloth. It is made from the inner bark of a kind of fig tree, which is stripped off in one piece, and is then beaten out thin on a beam of wood with a grooved mallet called *nsamu*. It soon gains in size what it loses in thickness. The bark of the tree grows again and gives the best cloth after its first stripping. The bare trunk is wrapped in leaves for some days to prevent its catching cold! Several pieces of the bark-cloth are neatly sewn together to make a full-sized *lubugo*, or bark-cloth robe, which also serves as a blanket at night.

A BARK-CLOTH TREE.

One side is exposed to the sun and is tanned to a pretty terra-cotta shade, the other side being left of a much lighter colour. The more costly cloths are beaten very thin and are dyed to a much deeper shade than the others. The wives of chiefs and ladies of the royal household wear these finer cloths.

The women wear them round their body from the arm-pits down to the feet, and tie a band

of bark-cloth, or of cotton-cloth, round the waist. They look something like brown-paper parcels with a head and shoulders escaping from one end, and a pair of feet from the other end. When you see a crowd of them together, as in church, they look most neat and picturesque.

Amongst the men the great idea is to get a suit of Amerikani (white cotton sheeting), but on the islands they stick to the much more picturesque bark-cloth, which is worn under the left shoulder and over the right, where it is tied in a very big knot, generally almost as big as the man's head. The ancient dress was of goat-skin with the hair shaved off, except for a border of about an inch, where the hair is left on by way of trimming, as we saw in Bunyoro. It had its advantages, for, firstly, like the bark-cloth, it never needed washing; and, secondly, it wore for a very long time. But in the days of Mtesa (the father of the present king) the fashion of wearing the bark-cloth spread, until now you seldom see anything else, unless it be cotton-cloth. The chiefs, however, almost always dress in a finer cotton-cloth, and keep their clothes spotlessly clean, as a rule.

MR. G. L. PILKINGTON, AND NATIVES MAKING BARK-CLOTH.

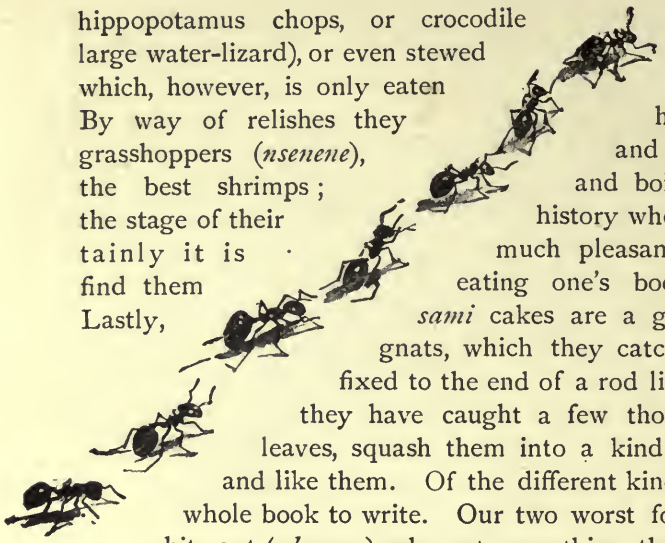
"But what do they eat?" You boys are wondering. Well, they generally have two meals a day, one about midday, and the other in the evening, and as many more as there is a chance of getting. A Muganda can

ON THE ROAD.

fast for a whole day and feel none the worse for it, or he could eat six meals one after the other, and survive them.

To give you little more than a bare list of their articles of food will be sufficient. Boiled plantains, unripe, called *matoke; timpa*, the leaves of a plant very like the arum lily—boiled, not unlike spinach to the taste; *gonja*, another kind of plantain, is either roasted in its green state, or boiled when ripe; *kasoli*, or unripe Indian corn, they roast and eat; mushrooms, which grow to a huge size out here; stewed coffee berries, called *mwanyi*, about which we have already spoken. Sweet potatoes form the principal food of the poorer peoples, and almost the only food on the islands.

In the way of meat, which they do not often get, besides beef, mutton, goat, and fowls they have certain rare delicacies, such as elephant steak,



hippopotamus chops, or crocodile fillets, fried *nsaswa* (a large water-lizard), or even stewed *mpiri* (a kind of snake, which, however, is only eaten by the island women). By way of relishes they have such tit-bits as stewed grasshoppers (*nsenene*), and very good they are, like the best shrimps; and boiled white ants (*nswa*) at the stage of their history when they have wings. Certainly it is much pleasanter to eat *them* than to find them eating one's books, boxes, and clothes. Lastly, *sami* cakes are a great delicacy. *Sami* are gnats, which they catch in finely-woven baskets fixed to the end of a rod like a butterfly-net. When they have caught a few thousands, they tie them in leaves, squash them into a kind of paste, and boil them, and like them. Of the different kinds of ants it would need a whole book to write. Our two worst foes amongst them are the white ant (*nkuyege*), who eat everything that they come across, from a beam to a book, and the *nsanafu*, or biting ants, which nip most fiercely, and travel in millions, marching in regular military fashion; and woe be to you if their line of march lies through your bedroom in the middle of the night. Talk of the invasion of the Danes! The only safe place is in your bath, in which you must stand until the enemy has marched past, which may take an hour or more. Moths and cockroaches make sad havoc of clothes and books, whilst rats find good boots very toothsome!

But now let us take a walk in a plantain garden. The plantain is perhaps the most wonderful tree in the world, unless possibly we may put the palmyra of South India alongside of it for general usefulness. Certainly Busoga and Buganda are the most wonderful countries for plantains.

We will begin at the root—which is where Nature generally begins. A plantain garden generally begins with a few dozen "strikings" or "cuttings" (ask your gardener the meaning of these words if you don't happen to know) stuck in the ground in rows. A root forms below, a leaf sprouts

above the bare polished stem, and the tree is fairly started on its life of usefulness. In times of famine the roots are boiled and eaten, and are called *enkolo*.

First let us look at the stem. It has no bark of the usual kind, but a soft, shiny skin, which gradually withers and makes way for a new one underneath. This dried skin is most useful. It is called *kyai*, and is torn off in strips to tie up anything where we should use string. In broader strips it is often used to fold a letter in to keep it clean, and also for doing up parcels (called *mitwalo*) of food, shells, &c. The stem is formed in layers, which can be stripped off. They are sometimes used for spouts at a spring, and were formerly used to catch the blood of animals offered in sacrifice to the spirits. When you want to wash your hands in a hurry you can just tear off a layer of a plantain stem, crush it up in your hands, and out comes plenty of clear water, whilst the crushed stem serves as a sponge. So you see that we are far in advance of "the penny-in-the-slot" business, which provides a wash for a penny. We do it here for nothing! This is the common plan of washing in Buganda, but on the islands the people go down to the Lake and have a proper wash—sometimes; do not ask how often! These stems are also used as rollers for launching canoes, as they are very slippery and so make it easier to move the canoe.

Now we come to the leaves: broad, light green in colour, and often six to eight feet long. These are most useful. The smaller ones are often used as drinking-cups, as these people usually put their face into the water, or *mubisi*, and drink like a cow or a horse, for you cannot well take the rim of a soft leaf between your lips when drinking. The larger leaves are used as umbrellas in the rain, as paper for wrapping up food, &c. They are also smoked over the fire until they become quite limp, and then the *matoke*, or plantains, peeled first, are tied up in this kind of waterproof bag and put into the big earthern pot (*ntamu*). But before smoking the leaf, the midrib, or backbone, of the leaf, which they call *mugong'onyo*, is cut off and chopped into lengths, which are put into the big pot first to prevent the *matoke* being burned, though there is a little water in the pot. These *mugong'onyo* are also used for beating naughty children, of whom there are plenty in Buganda. The *bikuta*, or peelings, of the plantains are burned,

and an alkali is got from them, which the Natives mix with grease and make into a kind of soap.

The leaf is often rolled up into a kind of pad, which people put on their heads when carrying a load of any kind. It is called *nkata.* The leaves also form table-cloth, dishes, and plates at every native meal. The plantains themselves grow near the top of the tree in a great bunch. The central stalk of the bunch is called *kikolokomba*, and is crushed between stones until the fibres form a kind of sponge, which they use for washing their bodies or their hands before a meal, for, of course, everybody eats with their fingers here, *i.e.*, they put their food into their mouths with their fingers. These plantains, which are always cooked in their green state, are sometimes peeled, split, and dried in the sun, and afterwards ground to a coarse flour, called *buta*, and made into porridge.

There are three chief species of plantain, but of these three main families there are some 200 varieties.

1. *Matoke*, cooked when unripe, the ordinary food of the Baganda.
2. *Gonja*, eaten either baked and unripe, or steamed when ripe.
3. *Mbide*, or bananas, for making beer, which, when ripe, are like the bananas which you can buy in England, and which we often eat here crushed in milk. These plantains never bear twice, and so are pulled down when the fruit is gathered. The big purple bud at the end of the bunch is cut off and used as a toy by the little ones. They call them their *ente*, or "cows."

Now let us call on one of the elder men and learn what we can of the ancient heathen worship of the *Balubare*, or spirits.

The Banyoro seem to have been specially given to this heathen worship, and it is said to have come from their country long ago. Bukulu is said to have been the forefather of all the other gods. He had a son called Musisi, who had a son called Wanema, whose wife was Nakalisa, and they had a son called Mukasa, one of the best known of the gods. He was a kind of African Neptune, or sea-god, and was supposed to rule over the great Lake. His home and temple were on the island of Bubembe. When they built his house of worship (for a new one was needed every few years) there was a great festival and solemn gathering on Bubembe.

Nine cows or bullocks were offered to Mukasa by big chiefs. Having killed the cows, they let the blood run down the hill to the Lake by means of *bigogo*, the hollow layers of the stem of the plantain. When the blood reached the Lake, drums were beaten and the people chanted "*Lubare alide*," "the god has eaten," which seems to have meant that Mukasa was satisfied with the offering. The hide of the nine cows was cut into thin strips and used for tying the *bizizi* or reed rafters of Mukasa's house together. Namuimba, chief of Buyovu, had to build the inner frame of the beehive-shaped house, whilst it was the work of Kaganda, chief of Bukasa, to thatch it. There seem to have been any number of priests scattered all over the country. Their work was to find out the words of the spirits when any one came to consult them. They met the worshipper in a small dark house, where was a little wooden stool (the idol, as it were) covered with a heap of bark-cloths, inside which the spirit was supposed to come. The worshipper knelt at one side of the leopard-skin on which the idol stood, the priest on the other side, the latter making unearthly noises, which were supposed to be the words of the spirit. There was also a class of persons, chiefly old women, called *Nakangu*, who were said to be inspired by the gods, and were consulted on almost all knotty points. There still lives one of these women on the island of Bukasa. She was a specially celebrated soothsayer in the old days. She was the one who went up to Mengo in Mackay's time to try to cure Mtesa's illness, and who succeeded in reviving the old heathen customs of worship in the king's enclosure. Heathenism is almost dead on Bukasa now, thank God! and is "sick unto death" throughout Buganda. Then let us hasten to enlarge the "opening of the prison to them that are bound" in this land, where Satan reigned so long undisturbed.

"Tell it out among the Heathen that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains!
Tell it out! tell it out!

Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives!
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives!
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save.
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave."

CHAPTER XIII.

FACE to face with "the Lord of the harvest"—A sieve—A sponge—A syringe—A syphon—A soldier—A son—"The fellowship of His sufferings"—A parting request.

"HOW READEST THOU?"

LAY the spectacles aside now—bid farewell to your guide—step on board the ship at Mombasa—"homeward bound." You will have many spare hours on the homeward voyage, and no more history lessons. Let another Teacher speak, for it is the voice of the Lord Jesus which asks the question, "How readest thou?" He first asked it of a Jewish lawyer (St. Luke x. 26), an upright, religious man, who knew his Bible well, but who had yet to learn to love his wounded and forgotten neighbour (*cf.* St. Luke x. 30—37). It is a solemn thing to stand alone, face to face with "the Lord of the harvest," and to hear Him ask, "How readest thou?" "How readest thou" My law of love for the helpless, the outcast, the wounded, and robbed ones? "How readest thou" My commands, "Come ye" (St. Matt. xi. 28), "Pray ye" (St. Matt. ix. 38), "Go ye" (St. Matt. xxviii. 19)? "How readest thou" My promise, "After that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalem" (the hardest place—home), "and in all Judæa" (our circle of school or home friends), "and in Samaria" (the places or people of whom we said, "I should hate to go there, for I don't like them, 'for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans' (St. John iv. 9)," "and unto the uttermost parts of the earth"? And may be, as you close this book, with its poorly told story of His triumphs of grace and love in "Darkest Africa," the same Lord will ask you the same question, "How readest thou?" A look at six different kinds of readers may help us to answer the question.

First there is the *sieve* reader. What he reads "goes in at one ear and out at the other." He merely reads to be interested and amused for the moment, and soon all that he has read has leaked away out of his mind, done neither himself nor anybody else any good, and left no mark on his heart or purposes. It has just run through a *sieve*. "How readest *thou?*"

Secondly comes the *sponge* reader. He reads, he is interested, he stores up the facts that he has read; but if you want to get any of them out of him he needs squeezing, like a sponge. There was once a very learned professor at one of our great Universities. He had beaten all records in the examinations for honours, and as he grew older was said to be the most widely and deeply read man in that city of learning. But nobody could get his learning out of him without much squeezing. When it did come out it was well worth hearing; but most of his vast knowledge died with him, for he wrote but few books. *Sponge* readers are not of much use. "How readest *thou?*"

Thirdly there is the *syringe* reader. He takes in facts on purpose to give them out again, as a syringe is filled with water in order to water the flowers or parched grass. He shares what he knows with others quickly and forcibly, but too soon gets empty and needs refilling. Do you ever have dormitory tales in your school after "lights out" has been sounded? If they are allowed, how would the story of Buganda go down, if forcibly told? Who knows but it might start a future Livingstone on his life of holy purpose and toil? for Livingstone's earliest dreams of missionary service began in boyhood. "Wanted! *syringe* readers." "How readest *thou?*"

Fourthly, there are *syphon* readers. I do not mean those noisy, fussy soda-water machines, but the old-fashioned bent tube with a long arm and a short one which, unlike the syringe, is never empty; always taking in fresh supplies, always full, and yet always giving out. How many of you have a little missionary library with books like this, and other and better ones, which you read, master, and lend to others. The C.M.S. has now quite a respectable number of books on Missions, specially written for boys and girls. How many have a missionary-box of their own, which is *always* (not by

spasms) taking in gifts at one end and giving them out at the other? How many have a missionary heart to match the box? "Much wanted! (for they are rather scarce) *syphon* readers." "How readest *thou?*"

Fifthly, *soldier* readers, who read missionary books and magazines to learn how the "Holy War" is going on in the world, where the "forts of darkness" are being assailed by the "soldiers of light." Readers who read Christ's missionary calls, and precepts, and promises, as "marching orders" for their own hearts' use and obedience. "What does your Grace think of Missions to the Heathen?" asked a young army chaplain of the great Duke of Wellington, in a day when Missions to the Heathen were very unfashionable. "My opinion," replied the Duke, "is of no importance. You have your marching orders; read them." "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." We want the soldier spirit amongst our boys and girls who borrow the "spectacles." The soldier makes a business of his profession. Everything has to bend to his training as a soldier (2 Tim. ii. 4). He generally begins young. You can prepare in your school days for a "call to the front." Livingstone learned Greek at his loom in Glasgow as a boy, on purpose to train as a medical missionary. Carey, the great missionary to India, prepared a missionary map of the world to study whilst working as a cobbler.

A missionary cannot have too much of useful knowledge, for in such a country as Buganda he must be able to "turn his hand to anything." *Soldier* readers read with a set purpose to serve and obey their Leader's commands. "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly Vision," said the Great Missionary to the Gentiles (Acts xxvi. 19). But what said the Vision? "Now I send thee to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me" (ver. 17, 18). Will there be any *soldier*

readers of our little book? God grant it! Readers who shall be loyal to *His* orders, jealous of *His* honour, ambitious to "please *Him* Who hath called him to be a soldier," and Who asks, "How readest *thou?*"

Sixthly, a *son* reader. It is easy to understand in what different ways a soldier reads; on the one hand his regimental orders, and on the other the letter from his old mother far away in the old home. How often he reads the familiar handwriting, pictures the face, the earliest he can remember at all, and the kind hand that wrote, the hand that did the first kind things for him and never grew weary of helping his helpless babyhood. He reads that letter as a *son*. If his mother writes of her sickness he feels with her in it; of her longings to see him home again, he longs to be at home; of her desires, he shares them, or will seek to fulfil them for love of her who wrote. Our absent Lord has sent us a letter. We say we love Him; He replies, "If ye love Me, keep My Commandments," "and . . . My Commandments are not grievous." "Come ye" . . . "Take ye" . . . "Pray ye" . . . "Go ye." "How readest *thou?*"

"In those days the multitude being very great" (1,400 millions of Heathen in the world to-day!), "and *having nothing to eat*, Jesus called His disciples unto Him, and saith unto *them*, I have compassion on the multitude" (St. Mark viii. 1, 2). "Give *ye* them to eat" (St. Luke ix. 13). "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields" (St. John iv. 35). If we could only see what *He* sees, we should begin to feel what He feels. A young Christian girl wrote after a missionary meeting (*months* after the meeting): "As you spoke of the awful sin, the utter misery and despair in which thousands of those people in India are living *and dying*, I felt as if my heart would break. It was agony. I began to understand a little, a very little, of what 'the fellowship of His sufferings' really means."

Do you read in the spirit of a *son* who feels, who loves, who obeys?

"My *son*, give me thine heart."

"*Son*, . . . all that I have is thine."

"*Son*, go, work to-day in my vineyard." "How readest *thou?*"

APPENDIX I.

THE Rev. R. P. Ashe, in the *Sunday Magazine*, tells an interesting legend, which he heard from a Muganda whom he met not far from Mengo. It shows how some heathen minds who have never heard the Gospel have enough light to know that "the wages of sin is death."

The story is how Kintu was father of all the nations round the great Lake, but that when his children became evil and took many wives, and slew one another in battle, Kintu, in sadness, left them secretly. He came to Buganda first with one wife, *Nabakulu*, one cow, one sheep, and his dog. Falling asleep on the road, he was robbed of all his animals by the *Bakyala*, or ladies of the household of the king of the upper air, who had gone out to gather fragrant grass to strew on the floor of the king's house. On waking up, poor Kintu found that all his live stock were gone, and he searched for them in vain. Next day the ladies came again, and were much frightened when they saw Kintu's long beard. Kintu, however, politely offered them some tobacco, and what African lady can say "No" to a pipeful of tobacco? The shyness of the ladies disappeared, and they came near to get the fragrant weed. Kintu then asked them whether they knew where his animals were.

They at once offered to take him to the king, who had them, and who, they said, would be sure, not only to give them back, but would give him a present as well. Kintu followed his guides, who brought him to the lubiri, or grand enclosure of the king, and introduced him to the katikiro, or chief justice, who seems to have been a winged beetle! The katikiro led him into the presence of the king, who gave him a kind welcome, and told him that his animals were all safe. He also gave him, on leaving, a fowl and a bundle of *bullo* (a kind of small grain), but added this warning, that if he (Kintu) should forget anything when he left, he must on no account come back for it. Kintu left the royal presence-chamber and found friends waiting for him outside with a huge gourd of *mwenge* (native beer), of which Kintu drank so much that he overslept himself, and did not awake until quite next morning, when he ought to have been well on the road. Snatching up the basket with the fowl in it, he went out, leading his dog by a string and driving his cow and sheep in front of him, but in his haste quite forgetting his bundle of *bullo*. He had not gone far when he remembered that he had left his bundle of grain behind, and, forgetting the king's command, hurried back to seek it. No sooner had he entered the capital than he was seized and carried before the king, who in a severe tone asked him why he had so soon forgotten his (the king's) warning and disobeyed his command. Kintu was speechless, and the king went on, pointing to a young man who stood

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by him, "This youth, whose nature is evil, I appoint to go with you, to build with you, and to abide with you; and the name of this youth is Death."

True, here is judgment on sin; but *we* know that Christ has "abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." Then let us hasten to spread good tidings in this land where Satan reigned so long undisturbed.

APPENDIX II.

SOME fifteen years ago a boy of sixteen knelt at his bedside praying to know the will of God concerning his future path in life. He had long wished to be a missionary, but, anxious to be assured of God's will in this important step, asked that as an indication the clergyman might, on the following Sunday, take his text from some verse in the Epistle to the Romans. To his surprise a stranger preached from Rom. xii. 1: "I beseech you . . . that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice . . . which is your reasonable service." It was God's voice to him, and promptly his heart replied, "Yes, Lord." He wrote home immediately to say that God was calling him to the front for missionary work. He came to England (he was abroad at the time) and began to study earnestly with this holy purpose before him. He took his degree at Cambridge in 1888, was ordained in 1889, fulfilled a very fruitful ministry in one of our great manufacturing towns for about two years (twenty months), was accepted by the C.M.S. in July, 1890, started for Buganda in May, 1891, "fell asleep" at Zanzibar in July, 1891. He had presented his body "a living sacrifice." In August, 1891, this brief story was told at a missionary meeting in connexion with the seaside services at Bournemouth, and from that meeting there have gone forth to "the regions beyond" six missionaries already, a seventh is accepted, and hopes to start soon.

And still from that quiet grave at Zanzibar, dear George Greaves' last resting-place, there seems to come the message, "I beseech *you* therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that *ye* present *your* bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Such is the call. "How readest *thou?*"

NOTE.

The MS. of Mr. Martin Hall's book was sent from Buganda in April, 1897, and received in London in August. Since then news has reached us of a rebellion which took place in Buganda in July. King Mwanga, with a large number of followers, rose against the British Government; he was defeated, and fled beyond the British boundaries into German territory. The Protestant Christian chiefs, with their men, all remained loyal. The infant son of Mwanga, whose mother is a Protestant, and who has been baptized, was proclaimed king. Let us pray that he may grow up to be a wise and good monarch, and may reign peacefully for many years.

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